It Is Earlier Than You Think *by Corliss Lamont*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS
July 9, 1940

Revolt in Mexico?

A firsthand report from below the border
by JOSEPH NORTH

At Willkie's Convention

by A. B. Magil

New Moment in Europe

by Theodore Draper

MIKE QUIN, PHILIP J. JAFFE, BARBARA GILES, BRUCE MINTON

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Between Ourselves

WE HIT the road last week, much to the chagrin of other members of the staff, who stayed behind to present you with this issue. What passes for a chevvy continued to bear us southward until it paused before a picket fence somewhere between Janesville and Hightstown in deepest New Jersey. We went off in search of water and returned with a farmer who supplied both the water and conversation. Soon he was telling us about his little farm where he has livestock and produce and a family. To our query he said: "Crops have been good enough and prices aren't bad, but you just can't sell enough to break even, especially the way taxes are going up all the time. Seems as if Congress ought to take about ten minutes' time off between appropriations to think about us." We confessed we didn't know much about farming ourselves but we'd read a book by Anna Rochester which was just about the last word on the subject. He was pleased to find that someone was thinking about the farmer and said he'd certainly send to town for the book. In the meantime he promised to read the copy of NM we left with him—the first he'd ever heard of us, too.

South of Philadelphia, where US 1 winds past swank suburban villages, we happened upon a hitch-hiker. He was not fleeing from the Republican convention but was heading toward Wilmington in search of a job. "Seems as if I spend most of my time doing that very thing," he complained. "I went through high school and I've been working at this and that—lately at a dairy near Bordentown. They fired me because business was no good in the summertime. I tried the agencies in Philadelphia and picked up a dollar or two. They pay slave wages in that town." We looked twice at him and found that he was a sandy-haired chap with a wide grin and horny hands. "They say things are booming down in Delaware with all those munitions orders that's been coming through," he told us. "Maybe I can catch on. . . . " He left us at a crossroads just over the boundary of the du Pont domain. He was carrying a co[illegible] of NM in his hand and he promised to read it. "When a fellow has to scrape along, he doesn't get much time to read," he said as he thanked us.

Well, we decided to stay overnight at one of those clean white tourist houses in Maryland, a few miles north of Washington. The owner was hospitable and later that evening we met, among others, her daughter Helen. Several of us sat on the front porch and watched the cars whizz by. Helen said she attended the University of Maryland. "It's just above here—you probably passed it," she said. "I ride to school on a bicycle." She was studying agriculture and we told her that she was the first lady farmer we had ever met. "I don't see why a woman can't become as good an agricultural expert as a man," she explained. "I've always been interested in farming. I suppose if Dad hadn't died, we might have held on to the farm we had up near Frederick. Mother couldn't work the place so we sold it; but I decided to learn how to make money growing things." Helen, who is blonde, had seen NM on the library shelves, she said, but she'd never thought of reading it. We gave her a copy.

Washington on Sunday was a delightful place, what with the Republicans all in Philadelphia and the Democrats all sound asleep from their exertions spending billions for defense. The air was cool and not full of oratory, and we went sightseeing and decided that the town could be a lovely place on weekdays, too, if the Republicans would stay away permanently and if the Democrats would go on sleeping.

On Monday we returned to our desk with a traditional sunburn and a traditional tired feeling and found a letter from a student in an exclusive Eastern finishing school. "I enclose only $2 because my end-term expenses have eaten into my allowance. Maybe later on I'll be able to send you more. The courses up here are awfully dull. I'd like to study political economy at a labor school or some place where the teachers aren't afraid to tell the truth. Could you tell me where I could attend such a school this summer? I wish you'd run some articles on socialism in your columns. I'd like to read a simple explanation of socialism and how it works. . . ." Corliss Lamont begins to explain how socialism would work in the United States in this very issue; and the Workers School is running a summer course which, we promise, will not be dull.

Then there was a note from A. B., enclosing $20 and promising to send $50 more, provided we would acknowledge receipt in these columns. Which we gladly do.

Other friends have kept in mind the acute needs of NM during the summer season. Some have contributed money; others, who are unable to do so, have joined in planning a Swing-and-Swim jam and splash session. It will take place under the stars on the evening of August 2, and the place will be the Lido pool, on West 146th Street, east of Seventh Avenue, weather permitting. We advise you to keep the date open, for the arrangements committee promises a beauty contest, two bands, a program of entertainment by stage stars, and lots of water to swim in. The proceeds will go to NM. Don't forget. It's a date.

Who's Who

THEODORE DRAPER is a former foreign editor and foreign correspondent of NM. . . . Corliss Lamont is author of *You Might Like Socialism* and a philosophical work, *The Illusion of Immortality*. . . . Philip J. Jaffe is managing editor of *Amerasia*. He has written other articles for NM on the Far East. . . . James Morison is a free lance labor journalist and a regular contributor to NM. . . . Frank J. Wallace is a New York economist and writer. . . . Max Frimmel is a New York lawyer formerly associated with the magazine *State of Affairs*. He is engaged in special studies on legislative proposals, particularly those originating in Washington. . . . Mike Quin is a columnist for the *People's World*, progressive West Coast daily. . . . Bruce Minton is co-author with John Stuart of *Men Who Lead Labor* and of the recently published *The Fat Years and the Lean*.

Flashbacks

A REMINDER that the real hope for saving the political refugees from France lies in the people and the people's organizations: On July 5, 1938, stuffed-shirt representatives of thirty-two governments met at the conference to aid refugees which was convoked by President Roosevelt at Evian. This conference hasn't yet discovered the Spanish refugees. . . . Two anniversaries turn up to plague God-save-the-king boys: (a) On July 6, 1775, the Second Continental Congress made a formal declaration of war against Great Britain, saying, "Against violence we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities cease on the part of our aggressor"; and (b) The American colonies declared their independence from oppressive imperial British domination on July 4, 1776—a reminder just in case the orators forget to mention the point of the celebration this year. . . . For the theater world July 6 is a proud day. It marks the anniversary of the beginning of the successful New York actors' strike in 1919.

This Week

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NEW MASSES

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Revolt in Mexico?

Will General Almazan make good his threat? Joseph North writes from Mexico describing the political scene which all Latin America is watching. The first of a series.

Mexico City.

GENERAL ALMAZAN and his staff motored into town last night and word flew around the nervous capital today that the uprising is off. The general let it be known that he was staying for *"las elecciones"* which come on July 7. The interpretation was common: if he planned to go through with the revolt he would have remained in the fastnesses of his Monterrey headquarters near the American border, where lively gun-running had been common knowledge up and down the continent. It is the most likely interpretation. Practically yesterday an uprising seemed inevitable. Today the Mexicans you speak to shrug their shoulders. Most feel it is definitely off: others believe there may be sporadic uprisings which will easily be handled by the government.

Lombardo Toledano, head of Mexico's trade union movement, the CTM, with between 800,000 and a million members, was certain Almazan would not dare carry through his original plans. He told me Avila Camacho, choice of the progressive bloc, would win hands down. "There is no doubt about it," Toledano said. The defeat would be so overwhelming for *"los elementos conservadores"* that the danger of revolt would be over. He also felt that some isolated actions might break out after the elections but "they would be smothered rapidly and decisively—not only by the government, but also by the people themselves."

CONTRASTS

However, the Almazanist propaganda goes on. The election fight is tense. You feel it in every street. Mexico City is not Mexico, they tell you, but it is truly the capital of a tortured semicolonial land. The extremes of poverty and riches jar you at every hand. Barefoot Indians in rags peddle their painfully hand-manufactured basketware on the sidewalks to finicky vacationists. Hungry children stare into the tourists' restaurants for a bit of leftover *pan*—bread. I never saw such hunger even in the days of wartime Spain.

Simultaneously you encounter the evidence of a hopeful people striving for not much—enough to eat, a job, the rights they feel entitled to. I met many of them at the Workers University where Toledano has one of his offices: meager people with eager faces, some with the squat visage of the Indian aboriginals. You see everywhere evidence of a people desirous of complete fulfillment of the promise of 1910—the bourgeois-democratic revolution waged under the slogan of *Tierra y Libertad*—Land and Liberty. On the newsstands and hawked through the streets is *El Popular,* the trade union organ, undoubtedly the best in the country. Advertisements in the paper tell you Lombardo Toledano will speak tomorrow on the "decline of bourgeois culture." Bright red banners across ancient walls tell you this or that building is the headquarters of the peasant confederation, or of the youth organization, or of the teachers—of all the forward-looking groups in the land. You wait for a certain bus and a passerby tells you it isn't running today. *"Huelga,"* he says. "Strike."

You get the flux of progress and reaction in every street. The electric signs of the American oil company offices, of German companies, of British firms light up the statues of the leaders of the Mexican Revolution. Rafael Carrillo, veteran Communist leader who knows his country from border to border, said with characteristic eloquence: "Our country is rich, and the people are poor. This is a semicolonial land, rich in the produce that makes the imperial capitals of the world envious." Mexico City today seethes with agents of every brigand power: cocky Yankee oilmen, accustomed to the major swag, pass by the more furtive agents of British, Nazi, and Japanese power, all eager to horn in. You read the fantastically venal press and see the handiwork of all imperialisms. It is common knowledge, Carrillo tells me, that much foreign currency crosses editorial palms in this capital. Most of it is Wall Street money; some in pounds, some in reichsmarks.

TUG OF WAR

The political picture of the nation is chalked on the walls of the capital. If the great General Almazan has the courage to walk through the streets here he will find a few things that will outrage his millionaire's eye. "Judas Almazan" is scribbled on many walls and the neat stencil in black paint of his portly frame hanging from a gibbet is everywhere. The posters for Avila Camacho, choice of the progressive coalition, far outnumber any advertisement for Almazan. But all is not anti-Almazanist. Not by a long shot. Stickers on many trolleys say "Almazan." Taxi drivers who operate their own jitneys talked Almazanist to me. "He would be good for business." One driver suggested it would be a good thing if General Calles returned.

Although the election is generally conceded to General Camacho—Alejandro Carrillo, editor of *El Popular,* assured me of that—it is wrong to believe that Almazan has no mass following. He is no Saturnino Cedillo, no man to die in a barracks putsch. A good demagogue, he utilized the dissatisfaction of considerable sections of the populace who are hungry to achieve the promise of the Revolution. The backward Catholic fanatics—the Cristeros—are behind him. There is a well organized setup behind him, liberally financed by native reactionaries, indigenous fascists, as well as by foreigners.

As Dionisio Encina, leader of the Mexican Communist Party and a hero of the famous Laguna strikes, told me, "Remember, it is thirty years now since the Revolution." Many a haggard peasant wonders whether he will ever achieve a hectare of land or get his family on an *ejido.* There are more than 1,600,000 *ejidatorios* today as a result of agrarian reform. They hold more than 24,000,000 hectares. But the majority of those who received land eke out a bare, hard living, for the elements of their success are not at hand: they lack modern implements for large scale farming, they lack credits for their undertaking. At the same time there are two million peons and farmers totally landless, many near starvation. And the plight of the four million Indians is tragic.

Out of such soil recruits are found for the reactionary parties set up by the enemies of the people. A picture of the reaction would comprise the so-called "independent parties," such as the Accion Nacional, which includes many followers of the reactionary de la Huerta and Cedilla; there is the PRAC—the "Revolutionary Anti-Communist Party"—and finally, of course, all the native agents of imperialism. And as usual, Yankee imperialism leads the pack. Its oil companies head the list; then come the foreign landholders who fear the completion of the agrarian revolution, for that would bring them to the dread word—expropriation. These are both British and American. Then there are the semifeudal landholders (most typical of whom is Gen. Pablo Quiroga in La Laguna and Veracruz, whose platoons of "white guards" protect his tens of thousands of hectares), who have killed their share of peasants. Add to these greater landholders the small agrarian bourgeoisie who have not been affected by the agrarian reform. These masters of 150 or so hectares possess a psychology no whit different from that of the big *haciendados.* In the camp

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of reaction one must also add the men of native finance, commercial, and industrial capital, typified by Montes de Oca of the Bank of Mexico and the bosses of Monterrey.

CLEVER POLITICS

It was indeed clever politics on their part to choose Almazan. They could present a man who would cash in on the tradition of the Revolution—the cheapest and most profitable of all words in this country. Was he not a veteran, a general of the great days? He is considered a good military man and is said to command the loyalty of many of his subordinates. Of course, nobody in his retinue would mention how he made his fortune of many million pesos by selling out the Revolution up in the Monterrey region. He is, it is known, a close friend of the American Vice President Garner, and it was not too difficult to get the arms across the Texas border. So Almazan represents those who have enriched themselves in the course of the Revolution. Many of these (their number is not small) maintain ties with certain men remaining within the ranks of the progressive bloc—the PRM—for reasons best known to themselves. The Monterrey general figures on reserves within the ranks of the Mexican bourgeoisie that have followed Cardenas—haltingly, unwillingly, tentatively—but who supported him in order to remain in a strategic spot where pressure could be exerted to alter the course of progress. A true fifth column if ever there was one. And it exists within the "Party of the Mexican Revolution"—as it does in all bourgeois-democratic institutions today.

Unfortunately this roll call of reaction is still not finished. I must add more: there are certain disaffected elements within the army awaiting Der Tag. And one cannot overlook the commercial press, which, in the interests of imperialism, has carried on a furious campaign against all the gains of the past years. Certain corrupt labor and peasant leaders round out the list. And last but not least is the Trotskyist furor, directed by the old master himself, who has been attacking the trade unions here in a way that makes Almazan envious. Trotsky has charged the CTM with being Moscow-directed and today *El Popular* brought suit against him for alleging that the CTM organ is financed by "the GPU."

Do not, after the above list, feel that the forces of reaction are in the majority. They are not, for the greatest sections of the country are enlisted in the trade union, the peasant, the youth organizations.

The CTM has a membership of approximately a million. It is led by one of the ablest men in the country, Lombardo Toledano. At its side stands the National Confederation of Peasants, which includes the most politically advanced of the countryside and claims a membership of approximately three million. There is the Communist Party, which includes some of the ablest proletarian and peasant leaders in the land. Add to these a large section of the middle classes that reposes no faith in the promises of reaction and imperialism. These comprise a healthy majority of the country. But the success of the popular movement depends upon the degree of organization and unity which these strata can achieve so that they can assume the offensive, take the initiative, which latterly has belonged to reaction.

And herein lies victory or defeat of the revolution, regardless of a formal election victory. If the PRM were transformed into a genuine popular front in which the masses had initiative, then the current picture would be much brighter. But the PRM candidate Avila Camacho has to date not distinguished himself with promise of taking the offensive on behalf of progress. He speaks of "consolidating" the Cardenas gains. But to stand still in days like these is dangerous, and many within the progressive bloc realize that.

Mexico, so long a land of personal politics —there were the *Carranzistas,* the *Callistas,* the *Cardenistas*—would fare better today if the popular candidate presented a program for which the people would vote. But unfortunately, this is not the case. The Communist Party and many progressives have urged the candidate to present a series of planks definitely committed to giving land to the peasants, to take steps toward carrying out the long promised expropriation of the *haciendados,* the feudal lords of the countryside. They urge that the conditions of labor be improved. Remember that much of Mexico's dissatisfaction grows from the steep rise in the cost of living—by as much as 30 percent in the past two years. Wages have remained stationary, and families that formerly scraped along in best of times today grow bony with hunger. But at this writing the PRM candidate has not offered a definite program, and it is unlikely he will do so by election time.

This brief picture, however, is not complete without further discussion of the role of imperialism here today. The picture of Mexico is truly painted in oil. Its petroleum wealth, its semicolonial status, its reserve of tragically cheap labor have appealed mightily to the imperial capitals of the world. And never more than today, in wartime. Yes, added to the fact that it has abundant oil for the ships of war, it is politically important, too, for all Latin America watches the land of the great Revolution of 1910.

Genial old Ambassador Josephus Daniels is not at all unaware of this and his bonhomie is likened to the pleasant tactics of the late Ambassador Dwight Morrow, whose famous breakfast talks with Mexican leaders proved so useful. Many here believe that as Mexico goes so goes Latin America. So *imperialismo yanqui* pays special attention to its neighbor below the Rio Grande. The popular hatred of Nazism is being shrewdly and rapidly exploited to secure and extend the imperialism of the dollar. But Mexico's experience has chiefly been with its big neighbor to the north, and the evils of Rockefeller Oil are most vivid in the minds of Mexico's millions. It is no easy task to persuade this nation to forget the shelling of Veracruz and the adventures of Blackjack Pershing less than a quarter-century ago. And the pittances that passed for wages in the Tampico oil fields of the foreigner left indelible imprints on the people's psychology.

Wall Street has tightened the screws. Added to Daniels' geniality were 150,000 men maneuvering on the Texas border. Plenty of plain talk and open threats went on in Washington with the Mexican ambassador present. Wall Street carried out two alternative policies. It aided Almazan, permitted him to become a menace to everything progressive here. It planned to use him to force the Cardenas regime to come to terms. If it could "win over" the present administration then it had no need for an Almazanist uprising. Its price came high: cooperation with the Roosevelt administration to establish hegemony of dollar diplomacy on the continent. Mexicans point to Col. Frank Knox, for example. He spoke first, loudest, and most frankly for an aggressive militaristic policy against all of Latin America. He specifically nominated Mexico for America's most benevolent protection from a dictator across the seas. And today doesn't Knox sit in FDR's Cabinet?

How has the alternative policy of Washington fared? Not too badly. It has wrung an agreement from the Mexican government to participate in the Havana conference next month. The Cardenas government has altered its original policy of neutrality in the European war to a pro-Allied stand. The relations between Washington and the Mexican government are widely advertised as "improved." One hears of "friendship" today, of "cooperation" with the United States. There is much talk of "loans." The Mexican press denies today that 150,000 American troops were maneuvering on the border.

One hears less of American support for an Almazan uprising. Is that possibly due to Wall Street's belief that it can get its will through concessions from the Mexican government?

These are questions one finds everywhere. The answer will be available within the next few days. I do not wish to discount completely the possibility of an Almazan uprising. The general's supporters are impatient men. They would like to see all gains of the Revolution smashed and smashed right away. Almazan may figure that he has a good chance of a successful revolt after the elections, and, if so, American support would come around. Almazan may yet have his revolt. But the odds are against it.

And what about further concessions from the administration here? That depends on many factors. The trade union movement, the masses generally, have utmost suspicion for Yankee imperialism. The scars are too deep and too fresh. They have no love for any imperialism, neither British nor German, Japanese nor American. Their future lies in the unity of all their progressive forces, in Latin American unity against imperialism, in a solid bond with all progressives in the United States. It does not lie in concessions. The men who fought and died with Zapata were pretty poor at compromise.

JOSEPH NORTH.

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Inside the Republican Convention

A. B. Magil tells what went on at the gathering of Wall Street's other war party. Bruce Barton streamlines Willkie. Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith meets some friends.

Philadelphia.

At 12.55 on the morning of June 28 the spirit of the Grand Swami descended on the Republican convention. The prophet was proclaimed by Joe Martin. He had come at last to lead the lean elephant to better things. Throats found relief in cheers. The Win With Willkie buttons that had blazed from hundreds of anonymous lapels now shone in the eyes of a thousand weary delegates. The miracle had happened. The millionaire utilities magnate who had come forward in response to the pleas of the people, the Morgan man who had dared to challenge the interests, the Democrat who alone could save the Republican Party, the modern Lincoln out of a log cabin on Fifth Avenue—Wendell Lewis Willkie had won the nomination.

It was a colorful climax to a convention which up till the start of the balloting had displayed the elan of a sleepwalker. This was as dull and desolate a gathering as it has ever been my misfortune to attend. So many comfortable faces cut after a single pattern, mass production delegates turned out by machine. The world was on fire, but the party that once rose to the stature of Abraham Lincoln sat playing poker with marked cards. This meeting of many small minds revealed a Republican Party in an advanced stage of dissolution and decay, querulously eager to serve big business, but so musclebound by traditional techniques that it could not grapple with the problems of a stormswept capitalist world. The newspapers called it an unbossed convention; rather was it a convention with too many little bosses floundering and squabbling, and none strong enough to take matters in hand. Clearly, the subalterns of big business had fumbled the ball. Big business itself had to take it. Hence the Willkie candidacy and nomination. The Republican Party having been declared bankrupt, Wall Street—to borrow a phrase from my colleague, Adam Lapin—had to take over direct receivership.

"THE PEOPLE"

"Mr. Willkie's title comes directly from the people," wrote Walter Lippmann from the depths of his anguish and despair over the state of the world. "The people of America nominated Wendell Willkie," proclaimed Dorothy Thompson. Put the adjective "right" before the word "people," and it's true. Among these people was Thomas W. Lamont, chief of staff of the House of Morgan, which holds a dominant interest in Mr. Willkie's Commonwealth & Southern. Mr. Lamont came to Philadelphia, on the day before the convention opened, in behalf of the Willkie candidacy. He was not seen at the convention hall, but his work was. There is no doubt that Willkie was not the first choice of the political bosses; they leaned to Taft. But Willkie was emphatically the first choice of the financial bosses. They won.

The Willkie compaign was a product of clever ballyhoo and supersalesmanship that would have done credit to a Goebbels. It marked the triumph of blitzkrieg technique over plodding horse-and-buggy methods. The secret of the Willkie campaign may be summed up in two words: Bruce Barton. Behind its studied casualness and streamlined spontaneity was the expert hand of the distinguished partner of the advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., whose clients include the du Ponts, US Steel, the Chase National Bank (Rockefeller), the National City Bank (Morgan), the General Electric Co., and others of America's royalty. The results of Barton's handiwork were everywhere to be seen. No other candidate had as many different committees working for him as Willkie: a women's committee, a youth committee, a veterans' committee, a committee of this and that. Young people buzzed around his main headquarters at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, receiving visitors, handing out literature. In the Willkie entourage were aspiring young stockbrokers, recent college graduates, good-looking Junior Leaguers, all filled with the fire of the great crusade.

Most spectacular of all were the Associated Willkie for President Clubs. They provided the president of the $1,200,000,000 Commonwealth & Southern with a facade of "popular support" that formed an engaging contrast to the backroom taint that clung to the other

Social Justice
WENDELL L. WILLKIE
For President
COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
For Vice-President
AS THESE LINES are written Republicans are gathering
word—let the Republican Party nominate an American!

COUGHLIN'S CHOICE. *The July 1 issue of "Social Justice," weekly published by America's No. 1 fascist, Father Coughlin, presented on the back cover its proposals for Republican candidates for President and Vice President: Wendell Willkie and Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. The article below the photos said: "If the Republicans have sense, there will be a blitzkrieg of professional politicians. They will nominate somebody like Wendell Willkie and Col. Charles A. Lindbergh." The Republicans followed the first half of the Royal Oak fuehrer's advice.*

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candidates. The Associated Willkie for President Clubs rented a large store front on Broad Street, a block from that dowager of Philadelphia hotels, the Bellevue-Stratford, where Republican campaign headquarters were located. On the walls were pictures of the great man leading the simple life—Willkie talking to a cab driver, Willkie getting his shoes shined, Willkie ordering a drink (soft) at a soda fountain. A poster staggered the incredulous with the information that 4,500,000 people had signed petitions demanding that Willkie run. Under the warm eyes of the attendants skepticism melts. A bespectacled girl tells me just how the money has been raised. "Mr. Willkie has spent about $4,000 of his own money, and about $25,000 has come in in small contributions from people all over the country. And it all started when Mr. Root—you know, Mr. Oren Root—put a classified ad in the New York *Times* asking anybody who was interested in having Mr. Willkie become the Republican candidate for President to send in what they could. No, there have been no big contributions. Mr. Willkie is against that. It's all been small sums."

The young lady had learned her story well. It had been told by Willkie himself two days before at a mass meeting arranged by the Pennsylvania Willkie for President Committee. Chairman of this committee was another homespun man of the people, William S. Harman, executive vice president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

On the opening day of the convention delegates were deluged with telegrams urging that they vote for Willkie. Another great spontaneous act of the people and Bruce Barton. Some of the delegates found difficulty in recognizing the names signed to the telegrams as those of alleged constituents; the phrasing, too, of many of them showed a remarkable similarity. A few delegates were so unkind as to recall the fake wires sent to congressmen in 1935 by the lobbyists for Mr. Willkie's and other power corporations in an effort to block the Utility Holding Company Bill.

Come to the Benjamin Franklin Hotel with me and watch this genie escaped from the Wall Street bottle. Willkie has oomph—personal, political, financial—no doubt about it. A vagrant lock of hair spilling over his right temple gives him an almost boyish look. He is informal and chatty, has a trick of dropping his final g's that makes him seem like somebody you met at the ball game. And he can straddle an issue with the air of a man who stands courageously foursquare, and utter platitudes as if they were fresh flowers from new-discovered gardens of wisdom.

"What's your position on America getting into the war, Mr. Willkie?"

"If I am elected, no American boy will go across to fight unless the people force me to it. If we ever go to war, it will be only because the people demand it."

A Negro newspaperman spoke up. "How do you stand in regard to the Anti-Lynching Bill, Mr. Willkie?"

"I'd have to make a study of it and find out whether the bill is constitutional."

"If you find it's constitutional, what would your position be?"

"In that case I would consider it."

Obviously, the Republican candidate is frank—frank as a fox. As the press conference broke up, a tall soprano next to me with a large Win With Willkie button on her dress exclaimed: "Isn't he adorable?"

The Republican platform is no less evasive on the Negro question than is its standard bearer. "To enjoy full benefits of life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness universal suffrage must be made effective for the Negro citizen." This is a noble enough sentiment to obviate the necessity of being specific and demanding the outlawing of state poll taxes. "Mob violence shocks the conscience of the nation and legislation to curb this evil should be enacted." Again, why get specific and mention the Anti-Lynching Bill? It has passed the House, but has been bottled up in the Senate without a peep from the Republicans.

No doubt the Negro Uncle Toms who ornament these Republican conventions, the Perry Howards of Mississippi and their ilk, are grateful for small favors. But the masses of the Negro people want rights, not favors. Even among these hand-picked delegates there were a few of a different type. There was, for example, James Brier, the Greenville, S. C., school teacher who defied the Ku Klux Klan and brought out the Negroes in his town to register for the elections. But the majority of the Negro delegates were faithful machine men, hungry for political pap, content to kowtow to the white politicos.

Back to the Bellevue-Stratford, and there in a corner of the lobby stood a beefy gent with a panama. I looked again. It was the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith. He had taken on weight since I had seen him last at the Coughlin convention in Cleveland in 1936. He was engaged in earnest conversation with Eugene Meyer, publisher of the Washington *Post* and chairman of the Federal Reserve Board under Hoover. Mr. Smith is, of course, one of America's foremost fascists and anti-Semites. Mr. Meyer happens to be a Jew. They were discussing the international situation. From time to time Smith would turn to shake hands with some friend among the passing delegates. An overdressed lady came up. "Oh Gerald, there you are. Henry Mencken told me you were here."

Mr. Smith, who is now stationed in Detroit on strikebreaking duty for the auto companies, was not the only anti-Semite who felt at home at the Republican convention. One morning there were distributed in the press section the May and June issues of a sheet called the *Democratic Republican*. The editor is listed as Washington Adams and the manager as Norman A. Saxon. It is published at 5640 Boyer St., Philadelphia, but its editorial and business mail address is GPO Box 615, New York City. The paper spoke of "our party" and "our convention." In the May issue is an article entitled: "America is a 'Republic'—Not a 'Democracy.'"

In the June issue is another article which begins: "Henry Mencken, the American patriot and greatest editor pushing an English pen. . . ." And elsewhere this:

> Hysteria in the East has its basis in the "jitters" of our Jews. Roosevelt has egged it on and frightened it with inflammatory speeches, such as no other American President ever made. . . . Roosevelt is himself of direct Jewish descent (Rosenvelt—see *World Almanac*).

I don't know whether or not this fascist paper was distributed with the knowledge and approval of those in charge of the convention. Perhaps not. But I do know that the Republican Party is as honey to wayward fascist flies of every variety. The Black lobbying committee revealed several years ago that the same tycoons who finance the Republican Party pump cash to a large number of fascist and anti-Semitic groups. Of course, I don't mean to imply that the Republican Party has any monopoly on fascism. After all, Martin Dies is still a Democrat. And Franklin D. Roosevelt is filching more than one leaf from Hitler.

The convention itself was like a glass of stale beer. Or rather, like several glasses, since it couldn't be gulped down quickly. Every morning and evening it opened promptly three-quarters of an hour to an hour behind schedule. Two or three speakers would pound the air for an hour or two and then the session would adjourn. The real convention was held in the committee rooms at the Bellevue-Stratford and at the private conferences of the strategy boards of the candidates.

On the second night Hoover was trotted out. The ovation for him shook no rafters, but compared to the reception given the other speakers, it was almost warm. Listening to Hoover is like swallowing a handful of wet feathers. I first heard him speak in 1930 at the AFL convention in Boston. He has improved both in delivery and in choice of ghosts, but his oratory still remains a unique experience in concentrated dullness. He muffed all his punch lines and wound up suspended in mid-air so that it took the audience some time to realize that he had finished. As for the content of his speech, it was an exercise in falsification and demagoguery surpassed only by the Republican platform. In the section on foreign affairs Hoover, like the other contenders for the Republican nomination, including the quondam arch-isolationist, Vandenberg, supported the Roosevelt policy of aiding the Allies. But he reflected the viewpoint of the appeasement section of Wall Street in practically writing off the British empire and holding up the perspective of doing business with a totalitarian Europe.

Then there was the keynote speech of up-and-coming young Gov. Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota. It rang all the necessary bells except the one connecting with the enthusiasm of the audience. Stassen, thirty-three years old, handsome, energetic, has already started running for the Republican nomination in

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1944, though the decline and fall of Thomas E. Dewey should give him pause. The Minnesota governor sensed the direction of the wind and the day after his oration came out for Willkie. I was particularly interested in that portion of his speech in which he blasted the fifth column. "We must unmask and expose those un-American organizations that are parading under false fronts," he thundered. On the subject of fifth columns and un-American organizations Governor Stassen speaks with more than usual authority. During the 1938 election campaign in which Stassen defeated Gov. Elmer A. Benson, Farmer-Laborite, I happened to spend a few days in Minnesota. The *Minnesota Leader,* organ of the Farmer-Labor Party, published an interview with T. G. Wooster, state fuehrer of the Silver Shirts, in which he boasted that he had met with Stassen and that the Republican standard bearer had removed an aide who was persona non grata to the Silver Shirts. I also saw a photostat of a confidential letter sent to Silver Shirt leaders:

> If you don't want Jewish Communism with resulting violence, bloodshed, and civil war (and, of course, nobody does), get out at once and help defeat Benson and his criminal cohorts—with ballots.
>
> If it can't be done with ballots now, there must be bullets later!

And I wonder, too, whether Governor Stassen's denunciation of the fifth column caused any embarrassment to Delegate M. Wesson Dickinson of Detroit. Dickinson, who was formerly superintendent of private employment bureaus of the state of Michigan, was at one time an employee of the Ford Motor Co., where he was associated with Harry Bennett, head of Ford's private Gestapo. In 1936 Delegate M. Wesson Dickinson was linked to the Black Legion.

The GOP platform? "Of the platform the less said the better in most respects," wrote the Republican New York *Herald Tribune.* At a press conference before the platform had emerged from committee Wendell Willkie was asked: "What will you do if you don't agree with the platform?" He replied: "If I can't stand on the platform, I won't accept the nomination. If I accept the nomination I'll stand on the platform." But Mr. Willkie had already indicated the kind of platform standing he intends to do in an article in the April issue of *Fortune*:

> The American people are not dumb. . . . They know that political platforms are written with the idea of being agreeable to as many different groups of people as possible. They know that all the manifold interests of the US cannot be really satisfied, that the promises to one group will conflict with the promises to another. And the result is that the American people do not give their vote to policies; they give their vote to *men.*

There speaks frank cynicism. And no one need have any illusions as to which promises to which group the president of Commonwealth & Southern intends to keep. One newspaperman said to me: "The Scripps-Howard boys are weeping in their beer. What a job they could do on this Willkie bird if it were the old Scripps-Howard."

To call the Republican platform a triumph of political knavery is to flatter it. Knavery there is in full measure, but it is heavy-footed and dull-witted. It needs the quickening touch of a Huey Long—or a Wendell Willkie.

Entirely in the spirit of this Trojan horseplay was the nomination as Willkie's running mate of Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon. Though McNary is described by the New York *Times* as "an unhappy choice because in many of the things that now matter most Mr. McNary's views are the complete negation of Mr. Willkie's views," this very fact makes the choice all the happier for purposes of bamboozlement. McNary's job is to deodorize Willkie and make the smell of big money seem like a great clean prairie breeze. The power trust personified by Willkie is poison to the farmers—McNary has sponsored farm legislation and at times approved of public power projects. Willkie is aggressively pro-war and has supported Roosevelt's foreign policy—McNary voted against lifting the embargo and leans toward the Senate isolationists. Willkie has endorsed the Hull low tariff reciprocal trade program—McNary is a high tariff advocate. Obviously, this is an ideal team, capable of moving simultaneously in two different directions, a partnership in demagoguery that may go far.

Let us examine the platform a little more closely. (Incidentally, despite the sharp differences over foreign policy, it was rubber-stamped by the convention, without any discussion.) The platform is of the yes-no variety, blowing hot and cold. Much of it has been lifted from the platform of American industry adopted at the last convention of the National Association of Manufacturers. Take a look at the plank on social security: "We favor the extension of necessary old-age benefits on an earmarked pay-as-you-go basis. . . ." Fine, you say; sounds good. But finish the sentence: ". . . to the extent that the revenues raised for this purpose will permit." What a Republican platform-maker giveth he also taketh away.

The relief plank calls for the abandonment of federal relief and the substitution of a system of state administration with federal grants-in-aid. This proposal may soon be academic in view of the rapidity with which the Roosevelt administration is itself curtailing the federal WPA. The plank on labor relations starts off a bit impishly by telling us that the traditional party of big business "has always protected the American worker." It dare not get too specific as to how it proposes to continue this protective role, save to suggest that the National Labor Relations Act "be amended in fairness to employers and all groups of employees so as to provide true freedom for, and orderliness in, self-organization and collective bargaining." Those weasel words: "all groups of employees" play the same role in the 1940 Republican platform that the phrase: "free from interference from any source" played in the 1936 platform. Both are coy disguises for company unionism.

The agricultural plank seeks to woo the farmers by proposing virtually the same measures, dressed up in different language, as those adopted by the Roosevelt administration. It contains no provision for tenants and sharecroppers, does not oppose foreclosures and evictions, and offers the farmers nothing to alleviate the poverty which is already theirs.

Omitted as of no importance is any reference to civil liberties, except for the Negro plank and a vague something entitled Free Speech, which turns out to be a criticism of the efforts of the Federal Communications Commission to regulate radio broadcasting. But the platform makes up for its disregard of civil liberties by the sections on Equal Rights, Un-American Activities, and Immigration. The Equal Rights plank endorses the proposal urged by a group of comfortable women that the Constitution be amended to bar legislation depriving women in industry of the right to be exploited under conditions as abominable as those of men workers. The one on Un-American Activities condemns the fifth column with stop-thief vehemence, while the Immigration plank demands the deportation of those aliens whom the Republican nabobs and their big business overlords regard as plotting the overthrow of the government by force and violence.

It is said that an elephant can be frightened by a mouse. The mouse at Philadelphia was the Republican statement on foreign policy and national defense. But it frightened only so long as it was unborn. An Everest of labor on the part of the Republican high command brought forth a true rodent which nibbled isolationist cheese as readily as the interventionist variety. Hamilton Fish, raucous isolationist, bellowed from the platform that the plank constituted a great victory for his side and definitely made the Republican Party the peace party. William Allen White, chairman of Thomas W. Lamont's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, wrote just as emphatically: "The platform adopted by the Republican national convention broke the heart of the isolationists and was exactly what the interventionists asked for." You pays your money and you takes your choice.

But the real Republican platform is, as everyone admits, Wendell Willkie. And Willkie is Wall Street. Between the Republican and Democratic candidates in the coming election there *is* no choice for the American people. As one newspaperman remarked: "If Willkie hadn't got the Republican nomination, he would have received the Roosevelt nomination to a Cabinet post." The fact is that essentially the same financial interests that support Roosevelt's war program—those with the most farflung investments in empire and the largest stakes in capitalism—created the Willkie boom and the Willkie victory. This glamor boy, like the one in the White House, can only seduce, not serve the people.

A. B. MAGIL.

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New Moment in Europe

Theodore Draper surveys the meaning and consequences of the Cagoulard capitulation. Can Germany stabilize her victory? The choice before the people.

THE French breakdown has transformed the balance of forces which existed in Europe and in the world at the outbreak of the war last September. Therefore, we face new problems and new conditions.

The very speed of the victory has simplified the autopsy of the defeat. There is not the slightest mystery about the essential factor. The Nazi offensive, which began on May 10 against Holland and Belgium, broke through the French defenses at Sedan on May 15. In his famous speech on May 21 Reynaud blamed the breach on "unbelievable faults, which will be punished." After a temporary stabilization of the fronts, a second German offensive on the Somme began on June 5 and rolled up the French defense lines on June 8-10. Active resistance came to a virtual halt when Petain asked for an armistice on June 13.

At most, then, two massive blows won the war. Actually, however, one was enough. On June 4 Churchill intimated that Great Britain might have to fight on alone. That was after the first blow but just before the second. After the second, on June 18, Churchill said that the loss of Paris came to him as no surprise, and referred back to his earlier intimation.

If we may trust Reynaud, there were no preparations to resist the first blow. If we may trust Churchill, there were no preparations to recover from the first blow.

EXPLANATIONS

The explanations for both these fiascos have been singularly inept. Some correspondents—M. W. Fodor of the Chicago *Daily News*–New York *Post* and G. H. Archambault of the New York *Times*—have made the extreme charge that the fate of France was decided on May 10, or within twenty-four hours after Germany invaded Holland and Belgium. This would mean, if taken literally, that France depended on Belgium to save her, which would seem like a ludicrous proposition. But on May 10 only the Belgian Army had been routed. It was after Leopold's army cracked that French and British forces were rushed into the Flanders trap. This may have been the chief strategical blunder (or was it treason?) of the war, but it really implies that a stiffer Belgian resistance was necessary for France's survival. France expected to defend Belgium but this explanation would give Belgium the responsibility for defending France.

There remains the question of why the Allies had no second line of defense. It is false to assume that the first breach was the "cause" of the collapse; the fundamental problem is the utter inability of the Allies to stop the German advance once begun. Churchill's answer on June 18 made the point that the twenty-five Anglo-French divisions which were scattered in Flanders "might have turned the scales" on the Somme. By a coincidence, the French army in Syria numbered just about that many. That army was much nearer to the Soviet frontier than the German; on no account was it able to threaten or divert the Germans on the Meuse or Somme. It was strictly a creature of the "switch the war" policy which the highest official circles in Paris pursued after the outbreak of the fighting in Finland. This split in the French military strategy, partly against Germany and partly against the Soviets, deprived France of recuperative power after the first blow at Sedan. Never was an unsuccessful war more clearly the continuation of unsuccessful politics.

I do not want to linger on the military autopsy. The basic point is that the cause of the French collapse should be sought before the German attack and before the war itself rather than during the last five or six weeks. The futility of the latter analysis is shown by the tendency to narrow down the critical period to the first twenty-four hours. If there is one truism about the French collapse, it is that the war was lost in the period of preparation, or the lack of it.

The fascists prepared in Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. So did the Western powers. The results were demonstrated in five weeks—worse yet, five days. If this reasoning is sound, the break at Sedan was not the first one, but almost the very last. It was only a stage of a much greater war in which the Western empires had been losing battles for a long time.

Some of these ideas have finally begun to make their way beyond the revolutionary movement, where they have been so familiar for so many years that the chief problem was to find new ways of repeating them. For us, now, they are chiefly valuable as a solid basis from which to reconsider the past and prepare for the future. Only the victims of the Allied illusions have time to waste over lamentations.

LIGHT ON THE PAST

A sharper light has been cast on last summer's negotiations between the Soviet Union and the Western powers. If the Anglo-French social order was so rotten and the military position so weak, it is plain that a German war against the Soviets was an absolute necessity as well as a clever strategy for Chamberlain and Daladier. The less able they were to defend themselves, the more imperative it became for them to transfer the entire weight of the German attack onto the Soviet Union. Their only hope for survival, if they rejected a real alliance, was to be left alone, but in view of the momentum developed by Germany's expansion, the only way for them to safeguard the West was to scuttle the East. Therefore, when they came to negotiate in Moscow, they sought to get a unilateral, unequal agreement in which they gave nothing and gained everything.

The very ones who did not want a genuine alliance when it was possible are quick to suggest that maybe the Soviet Union should have signed up on any terms to save the Western powers. Save what? Regimes that could not recover from a single blow. Regimes that were so sick they had to inflict the disease of their own making on the healthy Soviet organism in order to drag out their own, paralytic existence. If the Soviets have to take the supreme risk, it will not be to save empires that cannot save themselves.

WHAT NEXT FOR HITLER?

But what of the Nazi expansion? Will the latest conquest give the fascist system any more stability than any of the past? Are we at an ending or at a new beginning?

After Germany's defeat in 1918 six years passed before the victor nations enjoyed any partial stability. Until about 1924 the destructive and unbalancing effects of the war led them into one doubtful venture after another, notably the anti-Soviet interventions, occupation of the Ruhr, France's system of eastern alliances beginning in 1921. Eastern Europe smoldered with social uprising. A Soviet was set up in Hungary. The whole continent suffered from the severe economic crisis which opened in the winter of 1920-21. From the peace negotiations on, continuing through the reparations squabble and the trade scramble, Great Britain and France clashed bitterly over the available spoils.

But the partial stabilization which arose in 1924-29 will not even put in an appearance for Nazi Germany. Nor can Hitlerism wait anything like six years to taste the first fruits. Stabilization is a slow, grinding process which the Nazis cannot afford. Fascism was created by a capitalist order which was no longer able to achieve a smattering of stabilization in peacetime, and war has driven it further away than ever.

The vision of a Nazi stabilization over an indefinite period is peculiar to two types of people—those who had so little understanding of the fascist appetite that they wanted to appease it and those who have no hope of anything better than Anglo-French capitalism.

I do not mean to suggest that the fascist armies will go on directly to further conquests even if all resistance in the West should come to an immediate halt. But if there is a lull, it will be in the nature of a preparation, not a stabilization. The length of the period

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of preparation will depend on the condition of the German armed forces or on an economic shortage that will drive the Nazis to an ever widening circle of expansion for easy booty. These are the problems of the future.

The collapse of the French Army does not mean that Nazi Germany has solved the problem of western Europe. In the end, Hitler will have to put the French ruling class to work for him. The Nazis would spread themselves dangerously thin if they tried to rule the whole of Europe with their own forces. But if they do set up another "Manchukuo," the struggle for national unity and independence in France would take on the largest revolutionary character. The Nazis will have to rehabilitate French reaction in order to use it, but they will not succeed if they operate through a purely vassal regime. Such administrations are weak and demoralized because they cannot exercise initiative or put on a show of stability and strength. The Nazis tried to rule Czechoslovakia after Munich through puppet governments and it did not work. In Poland they have not even tried.

The paradox of the Nazi victory is that the ruling class machinery in France had to be enormously weakened before it could be conquered and controlled. In place of the old regime the Nazis have to make a patchwork of their own, held together by external force and internal treachery. The very disruption of the old regime would create a revolutionary situation if the application of force by the Nazis were lifted. The possibility of a letup by the Nazis might be slim if stabilization could be achieved. But if the Nazis have to plunge on down the road of expansion and exhaustion, without stopping long enough to digest and assimilate their conquest, the position in France may swiftly change.

The imponderable of British resistance makes it difficult to foresee the tempo of this development. Unless the Nazis attempt a physical invasion of England (an adventure which might exhaust them more than the Flanders and French campaigns together), both sides will have to batter each other from the air, at sea, and in the colonies. With bases on the English Channel, Germany's air forces could inflict terrible, though perhaps indecisive, punishment—far in excess of possible British retaliation.

BRITISH RESISTANCE

It is problematic how long such a war could continue; Churchill's most recent speeches lacked the confidence and fire of former ones. Nevertheless, British resistance may continue long enough to scale down the fascist demands, or until a new equilibrium in British politics has been reached, or because a Nazi invasion has cut off their option. In any case, it will be difficult for Hitler to convert the French ruling class into a cheap and efficient tool as long as the military position forces him to keep half of France as an armed camp and take no chances of rearguard trouble elsewhere.

It may be suggestive to recall how the German people forced the French army of occupation out of the Ruhr. One historian has written:

> The telephone, telegraph, and railway services came to a standstill. The mines and factories were deserted. Newspapers refused to publish French and Belgian decrees. Local officials disregarded foreign commands. Jail terms were accepted with dogged patience and promises of reward from the aliens for services were spurned with contempt. Most of the German mayors in the district eventually were imprisoned. In less than a year 147,000 natives either were deported or voluntarily left their homes in the Ruhr and migrated to other parts of Germany.

This happened just before French capitalism went into a period of partial stabilization. If German capitalism should be denied that privilege, the resistance of the French people will have even larger historical consequences.

It is to be expected that any "peace" in the West, whether dictated by the Nazis or the Allies, would be followed by an effort on the part of European capitalism as a whole to re-form its shattered ranks. The "cement" to bind the defeated ruling classes with the victors might easily be an eventual revival of the Anti-Comintern Pact.

THE USSR

But in the changing balance of forces in Europe resulting from the French breakdown, the Soviets have not given up the initiative. They have not waited passively. As a text for the recent Soviet activity, I would suggest two sentences from the manifesto of the Soviet trade unions on the increased working day. The first was a statement of fact: "The war danger has increased for the Soviet country, the international situation has become pregnant with surprises." The second was a declaration of purpose: "We must become many times stronger so as to be prepared in every way for any trials."

The Soviet positions are enormously stronger today than last September. The Soviet garrisons in Lithuania have shortened the strategic frontier to about a tenth of what it was formerly along the three Baltic states. The vital Leningrad area has been pushed back by land in the north and by sea in the west. A vastly improved strategic position has been obtained on the River Prut at the edge of Bessarabia, a firmer grip has been established on the Black Sea, the mouth of the Danube has been removed from hostile control, and every portion of the Ukrainian people except the minute Carpathian Ukraine (which the Nazis once groomed as a base of operations for the creation of an "independent" Ukraine under German "protection") has been unified within the USSR.

The idea that the Soviets have been given these immensely important positions as a handout by Germany is an absurdity. The most that may be inferred is that the Nazis are not able at present to do anything to prevent them. It is one thing to grin and like, it is quite another to grin and bear it. Nor is it any more reasonable to suppose that the Soviet advances indicate fear and weakness in the Kremlin. A weak and fearful power stands motionless, pleads to be left alone, above all does not move any nearer to the potential danger zone. A weak and fearful regime regards any kind of change with disfavor. Evidently that is not the case here.

A disaster has befallen France, but there are two ways of looking at it.

The friends and accomplices of the old regime, that peculiar blend of a Bonnet and a Blum, are convulsed with despair. There is nothing else for them. Not only has their "civilization" come down in ruins but it has done so shamefully. They themselves did not know how rotten it was. The ease with which it was destroyed from without showed that it had almost died from within. The common people could not defend it with anything but disgust. The ruling circles preferred to betray it.

Do they really think that the working class will free itself from the enslavement of fascism only in order to restore the old regime? Can fascism be overthrown with that as the objective? Can any sane person want a lesser evil which has never failed to produce the greater evil?

It cannot be. There is another way. The people of France do not need pity. They do not merit despair. They have known how to suffer before. They have given their lives gladly, in the great Revolution, in the Commune, in the anti-fascist street battles, when they knew why they died and believed in it. That is the essential. There is no way around it. The old regime misled and betrayed them. The genius of the people was suppressed by it.

It is useless to belittle the catastrophe. It is terrible to suffer defeat; it is more terrible at the hands of Nazi Germany. But this defeat is not an isolated and finished event. It is a phase in a complex and continuous struggle, the total magnitude of which may shine through only fitfully and partially in the individual stages.

The French breakdown is part of a great transition. As Palme Dutt has expressed it, we are in the midst of a

> world conflict which finds its first immediate expression in the present war, but which is already more and more clearly laying bare its final, decisive character as the struggle of the dying capitalist world and of the new socialist order for the future of the world.

In this transition, the old regime of Western capitalism has been stripped of every pretense. But it would be fatuous to confuse this collapse with the new world of the Soviets or the socialist vision of the future. The last word has not been spoken.

THEODORE DRAPER.

Murder, Inc.

"STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS HOPE FOR DRASTIC PEACE TERMS. See Complete Hitler Victory If He Spares France and War Ends."—*Headlines on a Washington dispatch by Marquis Childs, in New York "Post," June 19.*

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It Is Earlier Than You Think

Says Corliss Lamont in a challenging vision of a socialist America. "Wealth for everyone in the widest sense of the word." The first of three articles.

IN TIMES like these it is only too easy to become a victim of the anguished moment, to live nervously from headline to headline and broadcast to broadcast, to think and act merely in terms of each day's current crisis. But for genuine radicals, for all those working toward the new socialist society of the future, the long view is the sane view and the view that never fades. Great empires rise and fall; war, hunger, fear, death rack the peoples of the earth. The frightened little men cry out about the collapse of civilization and the end of the world; they keep saying it is two minutes to twelve.

We know better. Indeed, we can truthfully retort: "It is earlier than you think." Earlier, because mankind is just *beginning* to see what could be achieved through the conscious and planned control of its social and economic life; earlier, because the vast and inexhaustible potentialities of the human race are still frustrated to a large extent by an outworn social-economic order; earlier, because that planned socialism which is the key to peace, freedom, and abundance has been established in only one country, the Soviet Union, and has been fully functioning there for but a brief twelve years, hardly a moment in relation to the immense time spans of history.

In the United States, too, it is yet early. Here, in a richly endowed land of enormous proportions, we possess the natural resources, the mechanical equipment, and the technical skill to build a society far outstripping the imaginations of all the Utopia-painters who ever lived. The new world of America, however, which it was hoped would redress the balance of the old, still stands waveringly on the threshold of its highest possibilities, half its population ill housed, ill clad, and ill nourished, and with its basic idealism, its democratic institutions, and its social intelligence held in thrall by the disintegrating system of capitalism. Clearly the fulfillment of the American dream remains in its initial stages.

THE ABUNDANT LIFE

The fulfillment of that dream demands the abundant life, in both a material and cultural sense, for all of the people all of the time. That means an end of economic depression and mass unemployment, of business cycles and stockmarket crashes, of too little food for those who want to eat it and too much food for those who want to sell it, of the whole crazy phenomenon of "overproduction" in a nation where the masses of the population have never had enough of *any*thing except poverty and want. And all this means the establishment of democratic socialist planning on a national scale, with the main means of production and distribution socialized and with the entire economic life of the country operating in an integrated way for the welfare of the people as a whole.

Suppose we Americans woke up some fine morning and read in the papers the authentic news that every factory and farm in the country was running full blast for the uses of peace, that all the millions of unemployed had been able to find jobs, that sweeping increases in wages would shortly go into effect, and that for the first time in years federal, state, and municipal governments saw the sure prospect of balancing their budgets. One can imagine the sense of relief, the happiness, the positive thrill that would be felt from one end of the country to the other; one can picture the rejoicing that would be called forth in every American home, in every place of business, in every public gathering. It would imply the greatest victory, military or otherwise, that America had ever won: the victory over poverty, over unemployment, over depression, and the thousand and one ills that accompany these major maladies of the capitalist dispensation.

OPTIMUM PRODUCTIVITY

Now this is no mere word mirage. It is a close approximation of what would actually take place under full-fledged socialism in the USA. For socialist planning does mean precisely and concretely this: that the American economic system would be kept going at near to 100 percent capacity, that all its potential plenty would at long last be released, its productive resources and distributive techniques utilized and developed to the maximum for the people and by the people. I say "*near* to 100 percent capacity," because it is not the aim of socialism simply to turn out goods *ad infinitum,* regardless of the many different factors that enter into the rate, quality, and quantity of output. Our socialist planners will adopt the criterion of *optimum productivity,* which is well defined by the International Industrial Relations Institute as

> the best possible achievement, quantitative and qualitative, in output and performance, directed toward the highest standards of living, material and cultural, which are attainable with rational conservation of resources, human and material, and full utilization of the human and technical sciences, invention and skill.

In terms of the general standard of living, the outcome of socialism's First Four Year Plan in the United States would be an annual return to every American family, with four being taken as the average size, of goods and services equivalent to $5,000 in present dollar values. Thus the proportion of families attaining this sum per year would go up from 3 to 100 percent; and as time went on this income level would steadily rise. I shall not try to prove here the fact that our economy, if organized on a really rational basis, could soon elevate living standards to this $5,000 plateau; in my recent book, *You Might Like Socialism,* I go into the matter at length in my detailed discussion of socialist planning. Suffice it to say that this figure is a moderate one in view of careful studies such as *America's Capacity to Produce,* published by the conservative Brookings Institution; *The Chart of Plenty,* issued by Harold Loeb and his liberal associates in the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity; and the authoritative volumes of the federal government's National Resources Committee (now called the National Resources Planning Board).

BILLIONS LOST

The Brookings study demonstrates that even at the peak of 1929 prosperity in the United States our production of goods was about 15 percent below the actual capacity of our economic plant. Using these figures as a base, it can be proved that production in 1932 fell 45 percent short of its possibilities; in 1934, 40 percent; and in 1935, 35 percent. Reliable estimates, also stemming from the Brookings report, and in addition allowing for a modest increase of 5 percent annually in physical production, show that the total loss in the US from unused economic power over the ten years from 1929 through 1938 was more than $550,000,000,000. This colossal sum, almost twice as large as the entire accumulated wealth of the United States in 1929, represents the cost to us Americans during only one decade of the appallingly inefficient and wasteful capitalist system in this country. Humanly speaking, perhaps the most tragic thing of all is that year after year millions and millions of willing and able-bodied men and women, our unemployed "overpopulation," are compelled to sit idly by instead of producing the billions upon billions of dollars' worth of goods which could serve to enrich both themselves and others.

Of course, my estimate of a $5,000 income by no means adequately represents the advantages that the American people will enjoy under socialism. For it is impossible to evaluate in financial terms even the *physical* gains which will, for instance, accrue to the urban masses when they all live in houses or apartments which have plenty of room, good light, and fresh air. And it is also out of the question to put a definite money value on the tremendous psychological gains which the new socialist society will bring, especially through ensuring a job to everyone, eliminating the chief economic worries of the present, and opening up the invigorating realms of sport

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and recreation, art and culture, to all members of the community.

Hand in hand with the multiplication of material goods under socialist planning goes the multiplication of cultural goods. Material abundance carries with it cultural abundance, releasing both ordinary ability and genius from the cramping pressures of penury and the profit motive. The new American culture will expand steadily along with the economic life of the country and with each annual rise in the national income. A socialist society will spend proportionately on art and literature and education infinitely more than any upper class that has ever existed. It will invest in cultural activity sums comparable, let us say, with what capitalism puts into armaments and war. And, what is at least equally important, it will insist on the quality of beauty entering universally into the products of industry and the common objects of daily life.

It was America's own Walt Whitman who said, "To have great poets there must be great audiences, too." Pushing this thought further, I think it is safe to say that a socialist commonwealth will provide artists and writers in general with an appreciative public practically as large as the whole literate population of the United States. Under socialism, with its economic security and progressively shorter hours of work, the leisure class is *everyone*. This spread of culture to the masses of the people does not imply any letdown in standards; on the contrary it results ultimately in just the opposite by raising to unprecedented heights the general cultural level and by broadening to an unprecedented extent the ranks of firstrate accomplishment and genius.

EDUCATION AND SCIENCE

In a socialist America education, no longer faced by constant budgetary crises, will finally come into its own; it will be planned on a countrywide basis; its physical plant and equipment will increase immensely. Teaching staffs, underpaid no more, will become ample in numbers; and the overcrowding of schools and colleges will cease. Likewise science will make more rapid strides than ever before, both in the field of pure research and of practical application, with laborsaving inventions becoming an immediate boon to the people instead of a possible road to ruin. Scientific knowledge and the scientific spirit, with its cordial hospitality to new hypotheses, will proceed to replace the old religious, social, and economic superstitions. Adequate medical facilities will become the privilege of all.

Naturally enough, socialism's economy of abundance lays the basis for great developments in the realm of democracy as well as of culture. A socialist republic in the United States will vastly enlarge our civil and political liberties by assuring equal opportunities in public life to individuals and groups through an equitable distribution of wealth. The extension and qualitative improvement of education will create such a high level of enlightenment that at last democracy will possess the proper intellectual bases for its most effective and fruitful functioning. With the abolition of economic advantage or disadvantage due to accidents of birth or environment, the individual in a socialist society, far from being regimented or held down, has a much better chance of developing his abilities and proving his worth than under any other system. And I am convinced that in this country the result will be a close approximation to the sort of democracy in which there will emerge what Thomas Jefferson called "the natural aristocracy of talent and virtue."

WEALTH FOR EVERYONE

This picture that I have given of the promise of American socialism ought to make clear that a socialist society means *wealth* for everyone in the widest sense of the word; yes, fabulous wealth, and eventually tenfold, even a hundredfold, more wealth than capitalism has ever been able to bring. This socialist guarantee of general prosperity is one of the chief reasons why I consider so infinitely shortsighted and stupid those members of the upper class who oppose with such bitter-end stubbornness the passing of capitalism. For they themselves, if they work loyally under the new system, can share to a substantial extent in the abundance which socialism will make actual. This is why my conservative capitalist friends miss the point when they occasionally jeer at me for the exuberant way in which I relish the pleasures of life, as if such relish showed that I could not sincerely believe in socialism. For it is precisely the destiny of socialism to make available to the entire community those felicities of existence that up till now only a small minority have had the chance to enjoy.

I have pointed out that the basic method through which American socialism will achieve the ends I have outlined is that of democratically controlled and administered social-economic planning. Socialist planning, though its general principles are potentially applicable in every country of the world, must be adapted to the characteristic traditions, the political institutions and the degree of economic development of each nation that puts it into effect. How such planning would function in the United States will be the subject of my next article.

CORLISS LAMONT.

Tell Us about Thomas

"OPPONENTS of the nomination of Wendell L. Willkie for President are busily circulating the report that he enrolled as a Democrat in 1938. . . . Was not Herbert Hoover a receptive candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1920? And for an illustrious example of the ebb and flow of the political mind of the individual, what is better than the case of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was a Democrat until the summer of 1933, when he embraced the doctrines of the Socialist Party?"—*Editorial in the New York "Sun," June 19.*

Angus MacDuff

"He's reading Dorothy Thompson."

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China's Great Three Year Fight

Philip Jaffe strikes a balance sheet of the Far Eastern war. How the situation in Europe affects the Orient. The status of the united front.

IN THE midst of worldshaking events, when we are witnessing the betrayal of whole peoples by handfuls of traitors, and when a dangerous pall of gloom and discouragement has fallen upon the world, China's successful war of resistance comes as a clarion call to all to maintain faith in their ability to rebuild a world of freedom and democracy. The world may well look to China to see what is meant by real resistance against an aggressor. From China it may learn the meaning of a people's war, in sharp contrast to a reactionary war lead by traitors whose own interests and those of the ruling class are far more important to them than the interests of their nation.

Three years ago China was politically divided and militarily weak. During this three year period of warfare against Japan she has become so much more unified and so much stronger that she has successfully stalemated the far superior Japanese military machine. Little did Japan think, when she launched the attack on China on July 7, 1937, that what she intended as a quick and relatively easy seizure of the North China provinces would unleash forces which may yet prove to be not only the undoing of Japan as an imperialist power, but also the spearhead of a successful struggle against imperialism throughout the world.

MILITARY HISTORY

The first eighteen months of the war saw Japan on the offensive, driving from one "key" city to another, confident that each successive occupation would deal a death blow to the Chinese armies. Yet Japan was never able to achieve a decisive knockout. Repeatedly, vast numbers of Chinese troops were allegedly caught in pockets or pincer movements, but each time the surrounded troops melted away, soon to reappear elsewhere as part of ever growing armies with improved discipline and experience. This was true of the battles resulting in the capture of Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow, Suchow, and other important cities.

For Japan, therefore, the successes of the first eighteen months proved to be largely illusory. Though she gained military control of a very large area in China, including almost the entire coastline, most of the railways, and many important commercial centers in the interior, her offensive powers weakened and proved insufficient to crush Chinese resistance. Subsequent Japanese efforts to penetrate farther into the interior of China have proved futile and the Chinese people have become progressively stronger and more united. New armies numbering hundreds of thousands of troops are being formed and trained for regular as well as guerrilla service.

Chinese casualties during the three years of war have been estimated at close to three million, while the Japanese figure is about 750,000, but the differential in population is such that the Japanese losses constitute a serious threat to Japan's military power. A continuation of such extensive casualties would almost certainly deplete the Japanese Army to a dangerous degree—a chief reason why Japan has been obliged to adopt new and non-military tactics in her efforts to conquer China.

During the second eighteen months of the war, and especially during the past half year, Japan's efforts have been concentrated on consolidating her position in the occupied areas and on undermining Chinese unity and morale by political intrigues and espionage, by campaigns to cut off China's trade and supply routes to the outside world, and by sporadic military offensives. With the military phase of the war at a stalemate, it has now become a struggle, on the part of Japan, to demoralize the Chungking government and convert occupied China into a docile colony, and, on the part of the Chinese government, to remove political, economic, and social obstacles which today still hinder mass mobilization of the people and prevent the building up of a military and economic base strong enough to enable China to launch effective counteroffensives against the Japanese invader.

Perhaps the greatest single factor which has enabled China to survive has been the development and perfection of guerrilla warfare. In the earliest days of the war, when China's central main armies were steadily losing ground before the mechanized fury of Japan's offensive, the Eighth Route Army under the leadership of Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, leaders of the Chinese Communist Party, dealt one defeat after another to the Japanese in Shansi province. The political and military leaders of the Central Chinese armies were reluctant to institute the political and economic measures necessary for the training of guerrilla troops and for popular mobilization, but when China abandoned positional warfare for mobile tactics, after the fall of Hankow and Canton at the end of 1938, it was increasingly recognized that the ultimate success of Chinese resistance depended largely upon proper coordination and cooperation between regular troops, guerrilla forces, and the civilian population behind the lines. The importance of mass mobilization and training for resistance has been fully demonstrated by the success of the Eighth Route Army in defeating every attempt by the Japanese to conquer Shansi province and in nullifying Japan's efforts to consolidate her control in North China. Successful operations behind the Japanese lines by the Eighth Route Army in the entire North and the Fourth Route Army in the Shanghai and Nanking areas have been the greatest obstacles preventing Japan from obtaining a real foothold in China from which to carry on further unhindered aggression, not only against China but against other parts of Asia as well.

The political history of the past three years has paralleled the military history. Though the importance of political education among the Chinese people is now fully recognized by many leaders of the Chinese government, it is still stubbornly opposed by conservative and reactionary elements who fear the results of a politically articulate people's movement. The still powerful landed gentry and the weak but ambitious Chinese bourgeoisie are in many instances comparable to their counterparts in Europe today. In both areas these elements consider their personal interests more important than those of the nation. In China, as in Europe, they represent the greatest danger to democracy and freedom. But the Chinese people's movement has manifested its strength and remarkable vitality. It has expelled the chief fifth-columnist, Wang Ching-wei, who today is the leading Japanese puppet around whom Japan hopes to build a subservient regime to attract the reactionary and treacherous elements in Chungking. But it must go further. There are other well known fifth-columnists still maneuvering in free China. Before the Chinese government can make further progress toward national liberation it will have to be still bolder in eliminating these traitors from positions of influence.

PROVOCATION DEFEATED

Chief among the accomplishments of the fifth-columnists has been the instigation and encouragement of friction between the Kuomintang and Communist parties. On some occasions they have even succeeded in provoking attacks by Central Army troops on Eighth Route Army units, sometimes in collaboration with the Japanese. For a time these efforts seemed likely to produce a serious rift in the united front, and as a matter of fact the dangers of a split are still far from being completely removed. But the fifth session of the People's Political Council, held April 1-10 in Chungking, went a long way toward healing the breach. The solution proposed by the central government for removing causes of friction between Central and Eighth Route army troops provided, among other things, for increase of the Eighth Route Army strength from three to six divisions, for reorganization of other Northern troops into guerrilla units and local Peace Preservation Corps, and for more local judicial autonomy in the Border government area.

Thus, on the military side it now seems

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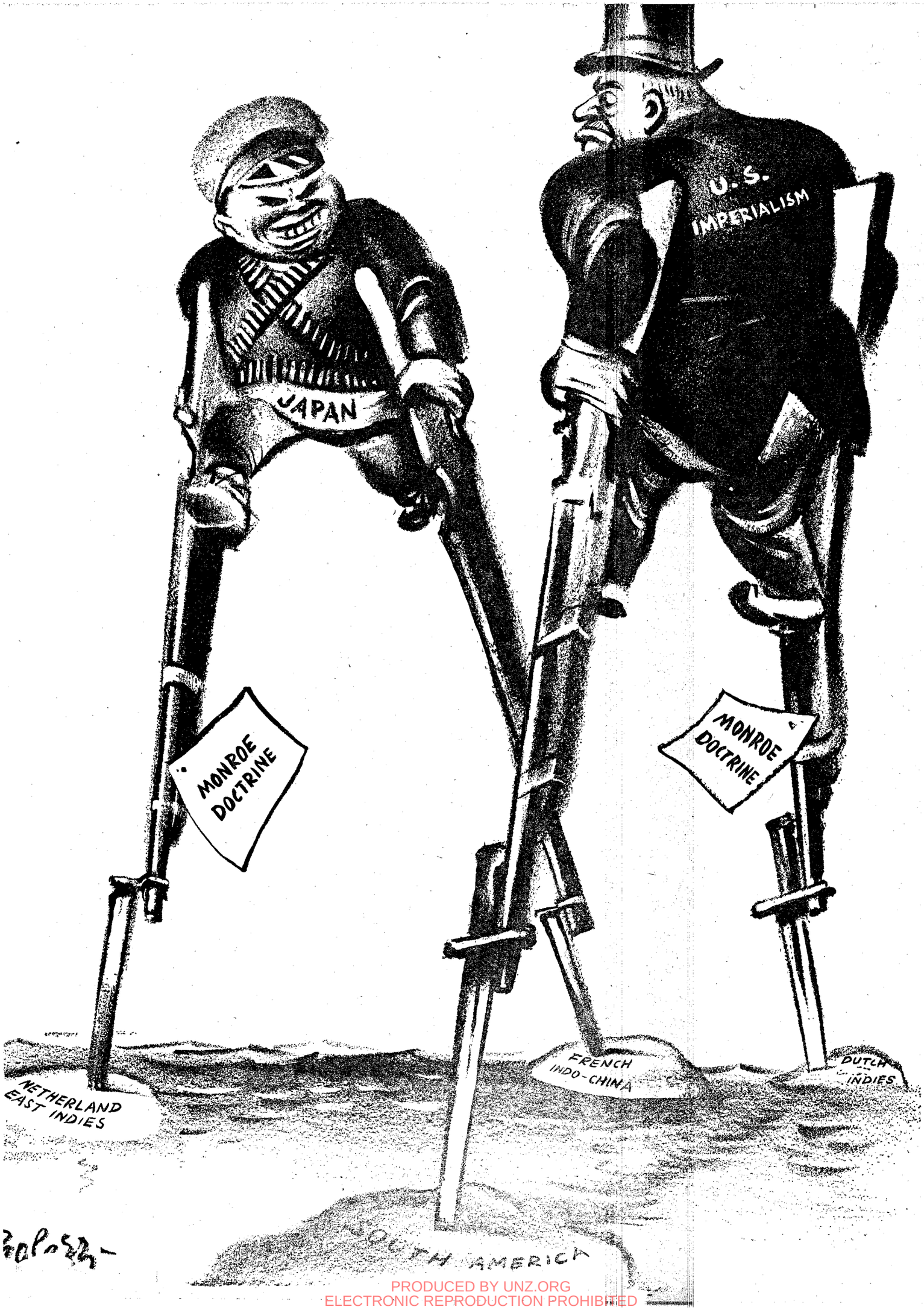

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certain that the united front will be kept intact so long as China is faced with invasion by an aggressor military power. Politically, however, the situation is still dangerous, for so long as fifth-columnists are permitted to exist within free China, giving the Japanese espionage system a base from which to operate, so long will Chinese unity be threatened.

On the economic front China is making rapid strides. Large industrial centers, as well as numerous smaller ones producing guerrilla units, are being developed into a strong economic base from which the war of resistance can be continued. But here again the opposition of reactionary elements is hindering China's progress toward economic security. This opposition has been especially strong in hindering the growth of the Industrial Cooperative movement. The old official faction, the conservative landed gentry, the remnants of the Wang Ching-wei peace faction, as well as many leaders of the more modern group of industrialists and bankers, are unwilling to see a politically and economically independent movement develop, although that development is essential to the national existence of their country.

Politically, Japan's chief aim is to establish a Chinese regime subservient to Japan yet strong enough to control occupied China and present to the outside world the appearance of a representative Chinese government. Thus far, she has largely failed in her efforts to find Chinese willing to fight Chinese, nor has she been able to secure foreign recognition of her puppets.

Were it not for the international situation arising from the war in Europe, Japan's political maneuvers in China might be regarded as hopeless. But as Great Britain and the United States, in their anxiety to conciliate Japan and prevent a German-Japanese alignment, appear willing to sell out China, the ability of the Chinese people to continue effective resistance is being jeopardized, chiefly by the possibility that such a deal would undermine the united front and give the fifth-columnists in China more scope.

This possibility of a split in China's unity would be greater if it were not for the fact that Japan's economic strategy in China has already proved conclusively to all classes of Chinese that they cannot hope to profit from a peace on Japanese terms. Every Chinese is by now well aware that Japan's aim is monopolistic control of all Chinese national defense resources—mines, railways, waterways, electric power—and that China's role in Japan's new empire is to furnish raw materials and manpower while Japan retains complete control of China's finances, foreign trade, and industrial development. Japanese economic activities in North and Central China provide ample evidence that Japan does not intend to permit any degree of economic independence even to her puppet regimes. Only complete demoralization can blind the Chinese bourgeoisie and landowning class to the fact that even they have everything to lose by a Japanese victory.

After three years of war, with China now well on the way to building up a political and economic base from which to launch a counter-offensive, the European war affects the Far Eastern situation so vitally that changes in that area may be expected to occur as rapidly as those in Europe. The traitors who have sold out so much of Europe to Hitler have also given Japan what appears to be a new lease on life. Under the slogan of an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, Japan is now advancing confidently toward the conquest of French Indo-China, the Dutch East Indies, and other areas in southeastern Asia. The same French leaders who betrayed their country to Hitler surrendered Indo-China to Japanese control when they agreed to forbid the transport of supplies to China on the Indo-Chinese railway, and to permit Japanese inspectors to supervise the enforcement of the agreement. The Japanese Navy is now stationed off the Indo-Chinese coast and certain coastal cities are reported occupied by Japanese troops. Simultaneously Japanese forces have surrounded Hong Kong to lend weight to Japan's demand that Britain close the Burma road. A recent heavily censored dispatch from London states that the British government is for the first time giving careful consideration to this latest Japanese demand. The closing of both the Indo-China and the Burma roads would leave the tortuous road through the Sinkiang province to the Soviet Union as the only open road between China and the outer world.

In the new situation which has developed in the Far East as a result of the European conflict the two countries that today more than ever possess the power to mold the destiny of a new Asia are the United States and the Soviet Union. To date American Far Eastern policy has been dilatory, explainable only by the supposition that the continuance of the Sino-Japanese struggle would ultimately so weaken both Japan and China that the United States could easily intervene and bring about a peace dictated by American interests. In large measure, the United States is responsible for the dangerous Far Eastern situation which exists today. She has continued to supply Japan with by far the largest part of her imports of essential war supplies, particularly oil and scrap iron. She has also continued to purchase Japanese gold and silver, thereby assisting Japan not only to finance her war of aggression but also to stabilize her international trade position. While professing the utmost sympathy with the Chinese cause and repeatedly protesting against Japanese activities in China, the United States has confined her practical assistance for China to a modest credit of $45,000,000 on a short-term basis.

By her refusal to place the slightest obstacle in the way of Japanese aggression, the United States has now put Japan in a position where she can take advantage of the war in Europe to extend her military operations to southeastern Asia. The reactionary elements in Japan, encouraged by the debacle in Europe and American apathy toward the Far East, have now become bold enough to launch a military drive against the weaker and more backward peoples of southeastern Asia. They have renewed the most violent series of bombings of Chungking, showing fearless disdain for American paper protests. American Far Eastern policy has largely given Japan the strength and incentive to revive from a stalemate in her war of aggression. American Far Eastern policy will have rounded out three years of completely futile opposition to the establishment of Japanese hegemony in eastern Asia.

Yet it is still not too late for America to act effectively in the Far East and it need not act alone. The Soviet Union, a steadfast supporter of victims of aggression and oppressed peoples, has given continued and substantial support to the Chinese nation. She is ready and prepared to cooperate with other nations in increasing such aid if she were assured that the capitalist nations were sincere in their avowed support of Chinese independence and would not at the critical moment transfer their support to Japan in an effort to crush the Soviet Union. The interests of the Soviet Union and the American people with regard to China are similar. Both have everything to gain by a free and independent China and everything to lose by an enslaved and impoverished one. It is only the reactionary elements and the fifth-columnists within the United States who prevent recognition of this fact. Today, more than ever before, the Chinese struggle for independence has assumed worldwide significance as a successful stand against the forces of reaction and aggression. Today it is in the Far East that the United States can most easily and effectively do her share to support the cause of democratic freedom, by aiding China and stopping her material assistance to Japan. It is still the open door through which the forces of fascist aggression can receive their first decisive defeat in their ruthless drive for world domination.

Alone the United States can have an important effect on the Far Eastern situation, but in collaboration, formal or otherwise, with the Soviet Union, the Far East can be converted overnight, so to speak, into an area of free development and economic well-being and become the fulcrum around which peace in the entire world can be established.

PHILIP J. JAFFE.

Spoken Like a Hitler

"MANY years ago I went as far as to say, and I believe it today more than ever before, that we do not even have to say that an alien is a Communist, we do not even have to say he is a 'fifth-columnist,' we do not even have to say he is an undesirable alien or an agitator; all we have to say is we do not want him in this country. We may even say we do not like the color of his hair."—*Rep. Hamilton Fish of New York, on the floor of the House, during debate on the bill to deport Harry Bridges.*

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Cassandra to the Carriage Trade

Dorothy Thompson—herald of reaction and tribune of the upper classes. The girl who made good working three days a week.

How Dorothy Thompson's constant readers stand the physical strain is beyond me. Just one of her columns is enough to set my ears ringing for hours. Out of the clarion shouts and wild trumpetings emerge images to keep one awake nights—strange, feverish images that mingle Marie Antoinette in a tumbril with Carrie Nation and Paul Revere. The tumbril is tearing along at terrific speed with Dorothy in it (representing Western civilization) letting fly in all directions with a hatchet and shouting, "The Reds are coming!" Just to add to the confusion, Dorothy insists that what she's really saying is, the *Nazis* are coming. Rather, she insists it's the same thing. "Revolutionary Collectivist Movement" is the specter haunting Dorothy and her vision in this respect is the most remarkable image of all. It presupposes things like a dictatorship of the proletariat in Berlin and concentration camps in Moscow. If you can't imagine it, try picturing Mayor Hague in a May Day parade—it's less fantastic.

There's no use telling Miss Thompson that this makes as much sense as the gibbering of a Martin Dies having nightmares. She will scream back at you, as she did in a recent column, "I believe what I *know!*" Or she will inform you, as passionately as she told the Republican Nominating Convention on June 26, that you don't know the facts of life. Not long ago she described the American people as a "nation of suckers" because they didn't agree with her that the Communist Party should be outlawed at once. Obviously, crossing Miss Thompson is perilous business.

THE FACTS OF LIFE

The facts of life, which no one but Dorothy knows, are very simple. Democracy must be saved, and immediately, by an armed people united under the leadership of Wendell Willkie as President, Roosevelt as secretary of the navy, and Fiorello LaGuardia heading the Labor Department. It must be saved by a *self-sacrificing* people. "Men will work—overtime and gladly; they will suspend many trade union rules; they will rally to a discipline of work; youth will drill and train and fight, and postpone planned careers. . . ." Miss Thompson herself is willing to give up everything except what is "essential to my happiness": a comfortable room, enough food to keep her healthy, and clothes "that will make me look as nice as possible, because that helps one's courage." She will give up her home in the country (but not to the state—"they [the state] will not understand my house"). For national defense she will give up her child's trust fund (but not to political grafters, not to enemies of her child; for it is a *trust* fund!). She will give up labor's right to bargain collectively, the two-party system, and the civil liberties of national groups classified as German, Russian, Italian, or Irish who have been "incited against Great Britain." She will even give up Red-baiting, provided a law is passed to suppress the Communists and their publications. In fact, Miss Thompson feels that this is the proper way to prevent Red-baiting—no more Reds, nothing to bait.

The list of Dorothy's potential sacrifices is nearly limitless. It includes in particular "that popular frontism which . . . makes the population increasingly lax and increasingly dependent in the very moment when it must face the most formidable competition from the tough and toiling." That, she warns, is what weakened France.

And here we get to the essence of Miss Thompson's exasperation with people who don't agree with her. It is exasperation with democracy itself—because it is too democratic. Dorothy would prefer something more efficient, along Hitler lines. I say this keeping a good, safe distance from Miss Thompson, who threw her hatchet pretty violently at Mr. Stassen, Republican keynoter, for saying that FDR's conscription plan smelled of Nazism. Miss Thompson herself is for conscription and she doesn't think Mr. Stassen should *say* such things even if he was just trying to get a few votes for the Republicans. For pity's sake, let's not interfere with the President when he's injecting a little Nazi strength into democracy. American democracy, Dorothy has more than hinted, could take a number of lessons from Hitler. Look at the way we have misused Henry Ford's talents. What would Hitler have done with Mr. Ford? "If Hitler had had Mr. Ford . . . he would *release* to the fullest the energies in Mr. Ford's remarkable organization . . . without interference from bureaucrats or politicians." France has finally learned the lesson: in France, nowadays, "one hears words of praise for aspects of the German organization."

But these American democrats—they insist upon a concept, fantastic to Miss Thompson, that "there is some sacred wisdom inherent in majorities." They tolerate trade unions, which "have power without responsibility." They don't even know that "total war requires total defense." And by total defense, Miss Thompson means *total*—no trifling matter of guns, battleships, and warplanes. Dorothy will not begin to feel safe with anything short of universal military service, complete military, political, and economic coordination under a Council for Defense, and a Committee of Internal Safety to deal with sections of the American populace that annoy her.

To call for Nazi techniques while tearing her fingernails over the Hitler menace is no feat at all for Thompson. Her mind has two compartments, labeled Values and Method, separated by a stern wall of *Herald Tribune* idealism. One side thunders against the "Anti-Christ" while the other yearns for a cozy *democratic* fuehrer. Now and then she lets her voice sink to a hoarse note of despair, inquiring of Democracy, "When did you degenerate on the political side into a filthy vote-buying machine?" She has, once or twice, been brought up short before the panicky idea that youth may not want to fight for the way of life it's getting right now. On such occasions she fires off alarms about no bread, no brotherhood, and the need for a "great cooperative commonwealth." Somehow I can't help seeing Dorothy at these times nudging someone (possibly Wendell) and saying *sotto voce,* "You have to *promise* them something." Perhaps this is a little unfair—Dorothy occasionally fetches a good impulse out of Values, after she has locked up Method and hidden the key. At any rate, it's rather difficult to imagine her saying anything at all *sotto voce.* If Miss Thompson weren't such a lady, I would say that she brays. I *will* say that she brays—no other sound could accompany a statement that universal military service is truly democratic because it's universal.

HYSTERIC MISSION

"On the Record" appears in 150 newspapers and is read by Heaven knows how many people. Mrs. Ogden Reid's little protege has distinctly turned into an Influence. More of an influence, I imagine, than her intellectual counterpart, Walter Lippmann. It's doubtful that Lippmann, with his Harvard learning, or any other columnist can ever acquire the emotional tricks that Thompson knows. Certainly no one else can use them with so much abandon. Neither has any commentator succeeded to the extent that Miss Thompson has in identifying himself with civilization, destiny, and the captaincy of their salvation. Under the burden of this identification Dorothy frequently gives way to prophetic fancies which are hardly designed to nerve her readers for the battle into which she would lead them. "Switzerland," proclaimed the columnist recently in one of her minor moods of hysteria, "almost alone among democracies can say with confidence, 'A hundred years from now Switzerland will be a democracy or she will not be,'" Miss Thompson should be advised to keep her Bergdorf-Goodman shirtwaist on. The question for her to consider is not what will happen to Switzerland in a hundred years but what will happen to the Thompsons and their ilk. I suspect that she wouldn't like the answer.

BARBARA GILES.

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Think Right or Starve!

That's the meaning of FDR's latest emergency relief act. Espionage and terror are the new projects on WPA. The cases of Charlotte Long and George Carroll.

THE first piece of legislation to create a class of American citizens with limited rights is the Emergency Relief Appropriations Act, signed by President Roosevelt last week. It bars federal relief to aliens and members of the Communist Party. Inclusion of the Nazi Bund in the terms of the law is just so much windowdressing. The new statute brings to a climax the long drive of anti-labor organizations against trade unionists and anti-war progressives. It is, in fact, the thin edge of a blade designed to behead the American labor movement.

Parallel to this legislation is the amendment to the La Follette fair labor practices bill, passed by the Senate and now before the House, which bars employment in plants engaged in production for interstate commerce to "aliens, members of the Communist Party or the Nazi Bund." Mention of the Nazi Bund in these pieces of legislation is not to be taken seriously. Congressman Dies, for that matter, invites occasional fascists into his committee room. The attack on so-called WPA "Communists" is really directed against all WPA workers who have adhered to the legal principle of collective bargaining in their relations with the administration—especially against members of the Workers Alliance and other progressive unions.

SPY SYSTEM

The Woodrum amendments to the 1939-40 federal relief appropriation bill, passed June 1939, represented the first step toward wrecking the socially useful works projects. Operations were sabotaged by the notorious eighteen-month clause. During the preceding year the Woodrum investigating committee and the Dies committee undertook a violent attack against organized WPA workers. Workers were hauled before star chamber tribunals conducted illegally by special investigators. Questions were fired at them. Threats were made. The existing WPA spy system was activized by the introduction of FBI agents into the projects. Stoolpigeons were invited to testify publicly in Washington before the Dies committee or privately in other cities. The services of Trotskyites, Lovestoneites, Coughlinites, Bundists, Silver Shirts, Russian White Guards were welcomed. These dregs of war and depression formed an unofficial united bureau of information.

The attack was apparently leveled at members of the Communist Party. Actually, however, when firings resulted from the cut in appropriations, members of unions active in defending WPA workers were the victims, particularly members of the Workers Alliance.

This year's anti-union campaign began on June 22 with the announcement by Col. F. C. Harrington, national works projects commissioner, that the machinery for throwing Communists off WPA rolls was being set into motion. Affidavit blanks for employees had already been printed, although Roosevelt had not signed the bill. The signer had to swear he was a citizen or owed allegiance to the United States; that he did not and would not advocate membership in an organization which advocated the overthrow of the United States government; that he was not an alien, a Communist, or a member of the Nazi Bund, and that he would not become a member of these organizations during the period of his employment. In a corner of the affidavit blank was a notice which threatens those who make a false statement with a heavy fine and imprisonment.

Col. Brehon B. Somervell, WPA administrator for New York, issued a call for letters from fifty thousand persons who might have information regarding Communists. He estimated that about one thousand WPA workers would be fired. He hinted that by some means or other he would find out who the Communist Party members were.

This last must be examined in light of the well known espionage practice of the federal relief agencies. Virtually every person who has worked on WPA has been investigated. Nearly everyone who has at one time or another belonged to a union—whether the Workers Alliance, the WPA Teachers Union, various CIO unions, AFL building construction unions, or independent worker organizations—has been card-indexed. Records of the Woodrum committee, the Dies committee, letters and complaints of all sorts are available to the WPA administration.

Colonel Somervell's office operates a police force. A former head of this organization, one Charles Smith, was recently convicted of selling WPA jobs. The local WPA also has a well organized undercover spy system. Most of the members of this outfit are on the WPA rolls, but it also contains some independent investigators. The Treasury Department operates its own investigating bureau in connection with WPA. Files from this department were recently placed at the disposal of the WPA wreckers in hearings before congressional committees. The FBI also has a group of agents working as free lance investigators. In addition, Mayor LaGuardia operates a force of municipal relief spies. The services of these small fry are available to the colonel of 70 Columbus Ave. Information is pooled at a central clearing house.

WPA workers active in unpaid, voluntary organizational activity have suffered most severely at the hands of these amateur and professional hawkshaws. Union officials have frequently been under investigation by two or three bureaus at the same time. Homes have been visited, relatives interrogated, papers seized. One grievance committee member was trailed by an investigator for a month after her reinstatement, following an "eighteen-month vacation." The detective work was ordered in the hope of catching her late for work or taking too much time for lunch. Statements declaring workers not to be members of the Communist Party were distributed for signature by the Woodrum committee in 1939, and by the WPA administration.

Despite this atmosphere suggestive of the fascist labor front, WPA workers have kept their chins up. Long experience with poverty, with relief investigators, with all kinds of absurd and illogical regulations, have inured them to this petty persecution. They have worked with enthusiasm and, when possible, with creative energy. They have refused to be intimidated.

THE CASE OF MRS. LONG

Take Mrs. Charlotte Long, for example. Mrs. Long is a middle-aged mild-mannered woman who has been earning $68.90 a month as a stenographer on the field activity project of the WPA education project. She lives in a furnished room at 504 West 112th St. She wears simple, inexpensive clothes and works hard, despite the fact that, at fifty-seven, her health, especially her sight, is not so good as it used to be.

When her supervisor handed her an affidavit last week, Mrs. Long refused to sign it. "When I read it," she said, "I did not think it was American. It seemed to me they were telling us what to think and I did not feel I could sign it and hold up my head as a self-respecting American. It's what I would call fascism pure and simple." Mrs. Long happens to be a descendant of Jonathan Shipman, a soldier of the American Revolution who lived and fought for his home in Norwich, Conn. "I want to think as I please as long as I don't break any laws," Mrs. Long added. She explained that she was not a Communist, indeed had never known any, but that she once had been a Republican.

George R. Carroll, who works as a senior stock clerk on the WPA sewing project for $89.70 a month, signed the affidavit, saying that he was a member of the Communist Party. Mr. Carroll is forty-two years old. He lives in the slum area of Chelsea and has been a Communist since 1929 and an active Workers Alliance member. When Spain was attacked by foreign interventionists, Carroll joined the Abraham Lincoln brigade and fought in defense of democracy. "The Communist Party is a legal party," said Carroll, "and I have the right to work on WPA or any other government project or job."

Both Mrs. Long and Mr. Carroll have

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agreed to serve as test cases in suits brought in federal court by the Workers Alliance to restrain Colonel Somervell from firing them. The constitutionality of the law will also be tested, it is hoped, in these suits.

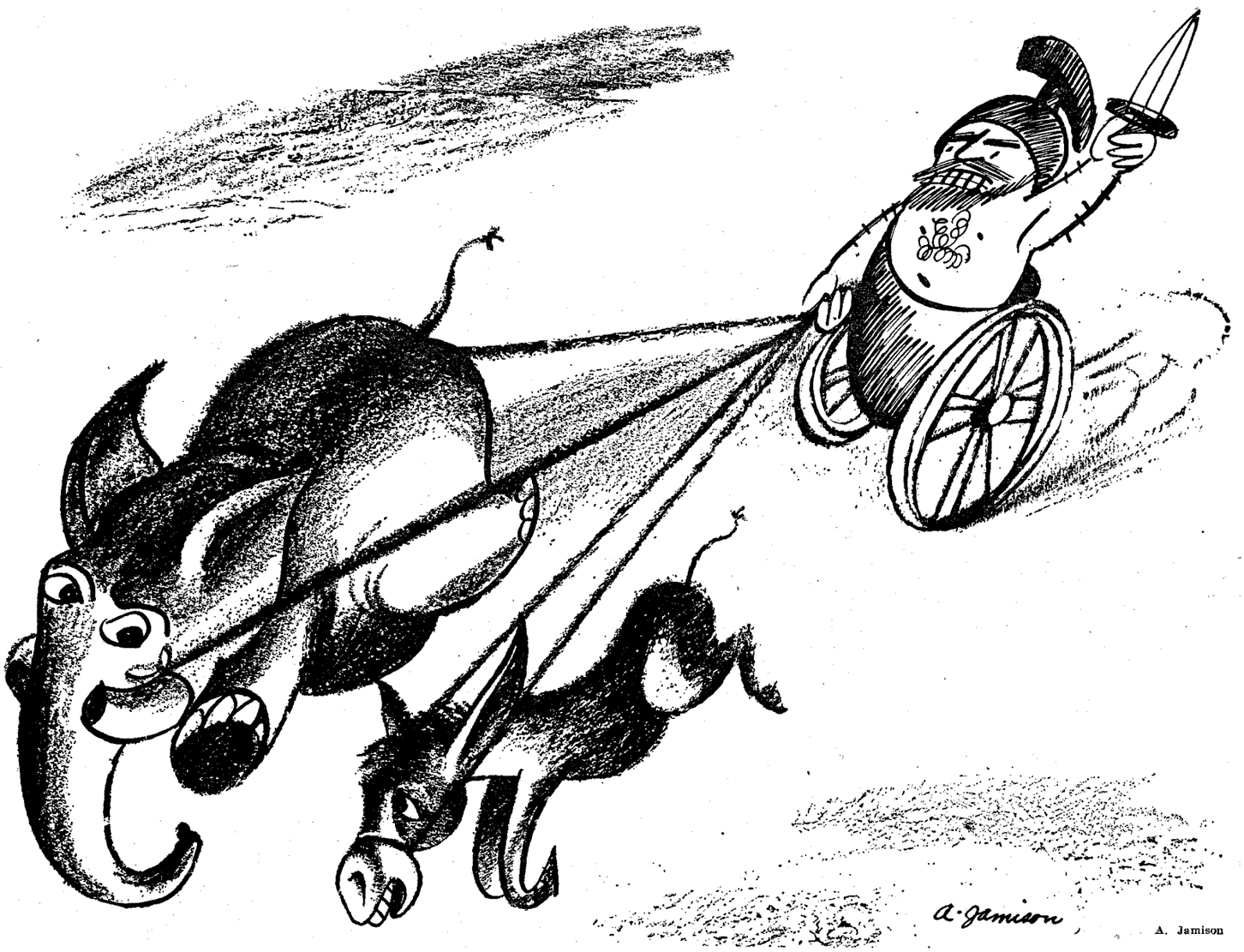
In the meantime, however, the WPA administration is proceeding with its campaign to convert the works projects into war agencies. In 1917 much of the cream of American cultural talent was devoted to war propaganda. Today hundreds of American artists have expressed themselves through their organizations as opposed to regimentation in the war propaganda campaign. The WPA art project has greatly enriched the domestic scene; but recently Mrs. Aubrey McMahon, director of the New York project, instructed the planning board, which is composed of leading WPA artists, to prepare and submit a war plan. "You may as well do it," she told them, "for if you don't, I'll have to. Otherwise the project will be liquidated."

In preparation for general firings of workers who oppose United States participation in the war, occupational ratings have been requested. Those who cannot be adapted "occupationally" to war work will be discharged, by being rated "unsatisfactory" or "fair."

New regulations are being imposed by the military men in charge of WPA. Workers at 70 Columbus Ave. have long suffered from rules which forbid talking, chewing gum, or leaving posts except for five minutes every three hours. Overtime has been exacted of workers—without pay. This practice is being spread to all projects. Visitors are not allowed on the Historical Records Project, where WPA workers are engaged in transcribing data two or three centuries old. Numerous cases of discrimination against Negroes have been noted recently; the tendency is to segregate Negro workers.

Workers are receiving hints to prepare themselves for the war emergency by learning how to operate statistical machines useful to the War Department. A WPA typist on the homemaking project was told that her pay would be increased if she learned to operate a business machine. After agreeing to take lessons, she was informed that she would have to support herself without pay while learning. When a deduction in pay was made, the Workers Alliance grievance committee won restitution for her. Building trades workers will be transferred from school and public building projects to construction of barracks or war factories. Most WPA building construction will be for military purposes.

Before this program can be foisted upon the organized workers, their leaders must be removed from WPA rolls. The affidavits are just an excuse to act against these leaders on suspicion of "Communism," based upon stool-pigeon charges, election rolls, secret and unverified reports of investigators, official and unofficial. Once this is accomplished, the WPA administration hopes to lower wages, increase hours, and threaten all of its employees with firing for opposition to war. Workers are preparing to fight the ousters. In addition to court suits already noted, unions involved as well as other organizations are discussing means of fighting this step toward war. The six workers who, according to Colonel Somervell, have already been fired are the first American war refugees, doomed to walk the streets in search of non-existent jobs. To prevent this hunger decree from increasing the number of these refugees and from extending beyond WPA to private industry, finally to all those who dissent from the bankers' and businessmen's military program, firm opposition is rising. A "means test," based upon one's political philosophy or trade union membership, is contrary to our democratic traditions. It is, indeed, an important step toward fascism. JAMES MORISON.



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Fort Knox Opens Fire

The paradox of too much gold in those Kentucky hills. How the yellow metal will be used to enslave the peoples below the Rio Grande. Mr. Berle and the bankers.

THERE'S something quite magical about gold. It can lie in a vault deep underground and yet exercise worldshaking power. In the plans for complete domination of the western hemisphere by the United States, our gold hoard is slated for a major role. As effectively as battleships and landing parties that gold can make our American neighbor nations prisoners of Yankee imperialism. It can tie their currencies to the dollar, force them to accept American dictation on what to produce, where to sell, and where to buy.

The grandiose project of an inter-American export corporation discloses a mechanism in which the gold will form the driving gears. Already it is clear that for the United States to control the foreign trade of the Latin American countries she will have to dispose of $1,200,000,000 of their products in Europe or in Asia. That "surplus" will provide the chains which, with the government's gold holdings, will be used to enslave the peoples of Central and South America, and probably Canada as well. Finance capital in Wall Street will decide where that flow of commodities is to be sold or dumped in accordance with the requirements of American *Weltpolitik*. But restrained from seeking outlets themselves, the overlords of the lands to the south will stand hat in hand, submissive for the handouts, at prices fixed in Wall Street, on terms dictated by Wall Street. That is the plan. Its concomitants in fascist economic, social, and political controls are obvious.

KENTUCKY CACHE

Deep in the hills of Kentucky under Fort Knox lies the world's greatest cache of gold. And a precious headache it has been for the financial wizards of the Street and their satellites in the Treasury Department. Since Roosevelt devalued the dollar on Jan. 31, 1934, our gold stock has risen from something over $4,000,000,000 to its present staggering mountain of $19,000,000,000. Before the devaluation the United States held 35 percent of the world's gold stock. Now we have 70 percent. Before the year is out, according to a Department of Commerce estimate, our share will be 72 percent or $21,000,000,000 out of the world's $29,200,000,000.

Finance capital is struggling with the paradox of too much gold. The effects of this concentrated hoard may be catastrophic. Its possession forces its use as a weapon in national policy. That gold may become worthless, it may lead this country into disastrous inflation, it may be the instrument by which America may try to dominate the markets of the world. Nor can this unhealthy influx be halted now, for to do that would cripple the British. The bankers have seized the magic broom and, like the sorcerer's apprentice in the legend, they cannot release it but must whirl with it in ever more dizzying frenzy.

For later generations their predicament may provide the scenario for a Homeric comedy. For us and for the peoples of the whole capitalist world that Midas store is fraught with danger and with tragedy.

The tale of how we accumulated these billions in the short space of six years is too long to recount here for it contains the history of this epoch of the breakdown of capitalism. It would have to include the desperate struggle for markets in which devaluation played its part, the growing dominance of the United States in foreign trade, the secret hoards of the Goerings and the Bonnets, and the ironic contribution of the gold produced in the Soviet Union, estimated at $185,000,000 for 1939. Nor can the story be complete without an examination of the plans for the employment of the metal.

When the pound sterling began its decline in 1933, the price of gold went up in terms of pounds. This stimulated gold production throughout the British empire. But it also hit American foreign trade. When the United States devalued the dollar it was to put American business back into the running in the fight for markets. But our high price for gold at $35 an ounce further increased world gold production until today the metal is being disinterred at the rate of forty million ounces a year, nearly double the volume and over three times the value of 1930. Huge stores have been disgorged by Indian potentates. German and Italian women have turned in their wedding rings. Unemployed salesmen and professional people in the United States bought old gold and kept body and soul together for a while with the proceeds.

HOW IT STARTED

The devaluation of the dollar and the aggressive reaching for foreign markets were among the causes of the flood of gold that hastened to our shores. In the years between 1934 and 1939 the favorable balance to the United States for goods and services amounted to $2,200,000,000. That sent gold to America. During those years some $1,500,000,000 of American capital invested abroad was repatriated. Over four billions more of foreign gold were sent here for investment in American securities or safekeeping in our banks.

The Treasury has been buying the gold, both foreign and domestic, by drawing a check on the Federal Reserve Banks. Then it issues gold certificates or gold certificate credits to the Reserve Banks and receives credit in return to its deposit accounts with these banks. These transactions led the Federal Reserve Board to declare in its June *Bulletin* that "the purchase of the gold has cost the Treasury nothing"—a delicious example of the Alice-in-Wonderland character of capitalist economics. Actually the gold becomes the legal reserve against the deposits of all member banks of the Federal Reserve System.

Mainly as a result of the gold purchases the cash reserves of the member banks have been raised by $10,500,000,000 in the past six years. But since this means so much more idle capital added to the billions already stagnant, the result has been a steady dropping of interest rates in a bloated money market without normal outlets in productive investment. One might ask why a national, self-liquidating, low-rent housing program was not sought as a solution. Wall Street now has a much better idea. Armaments and the capture of world markets are more consistent for the gold infatuated.

Even the present plans leave the bankers uneasy. There are heretics who question the future of gold itself. As the National City Bank *Bulletin* for June puts it, "people are beginning to wonder whether we are getting our money's worth in continuing to accumulate at high cost an asset of which we already have too much and whose value in the future is regarded as not altogether certain."

Although the *Bulletin* dismisses such speculation brusquely, it admits that any change, or even thought of change, in our gold policy is laden with fiscal dynamite. To lower the price of gold would, in the first place, weaken the purchasing power of the British empire. Furthermore its very suggestion "would precipitate a gold panic and cause holders the world over to dump their supplies on the United States Treasury." It would raise the price of our commodities on the export market and reduce our trade. It would inflict a serious loss—partly in bookkeeping entries—on the Treasury. To stop buying gold would not only have many of the same effects but it might also "deal a serious blow to the value of gold as a monetary medium which is the last thing that we, as the principal holders of gold, should want to do."

BANKERS' SOLUTION

One solution with which the bankers toy is a general rise in world commodity prices which would raise mining costs and reduce gold production while, at the same time, call for more credit and currency with gold as the base. This is inflation. The bankers, who fear it, are actually driven to recommend it. Yet they must remember that inflation cannot be a controlled, gradual action; they must remember the Germany of 1923. Nor does

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this solution contain anything but impoverishment for the farmers, the working class, and the middle class.

Now a particularly hellish nightmare faces American finance capital, the vision of a Europe denuded of gold and reaching out for markets on the barter system. Then would American imperialism face both the loss of its markets and the virtual demonetization of its hoard.

Clearly, therefore, the profitable employment of the gold stock must be a major consideration in both the foreign and domestic policies of finance capital. Since the goal of America's rulers is to dominate as much of the world as they can grab it is not surprising that the use of our gold as one weapon has begun to enter their plans.

One step in the direction of controlling world economy is the establishment of the Inter-American Bank which, with the swift victory of Hitler in France, is already being superseded by the vast plans of economic "union" of all the countries of the western hemisphere. The devices proposed are varied, their purpose is the same.

Thus, last March Sen. Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma introduced a bill which would, among other provisions, authorize the Export-Import Bank "to sell any unobligated or unencumbered gold coin or bullion belonging to the United States, to make loans of such gold coin or bullion to the central banks of foreign countries upon such security as the board may approve as satisfactory." Obviously this power to lend or not to lend would provide a very handy club over nations in need of our goods. This becomes especially clear when it is further noted that the senator's bill includes the provision that the borrowing countries must return to the gold standard. This would tie them firmly to the dollar and make them completely dependent upon the dictates of our financial oligarchy.

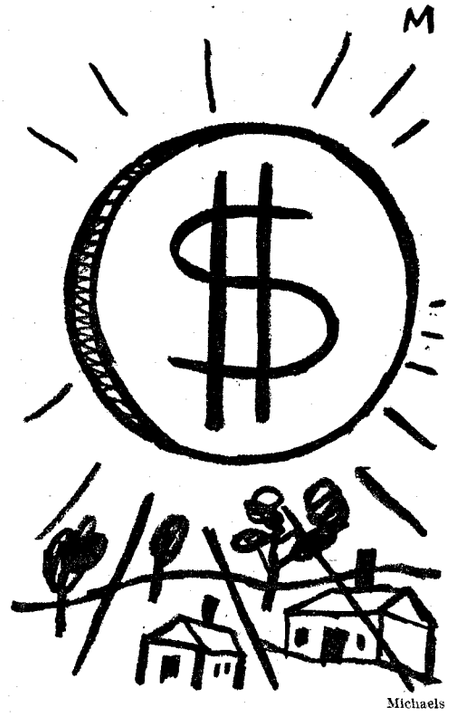
A week later Senator Townsend of Delaware proposed, "as a mere step in the direction of a sensible solution" of the problem created by the gold hoard, that $300,000,000 in gold, from the $2,000,000,000 stabilization fund, be used for the purchase of "strategic, critical, and essential foreign materials" to be stored for future use. This again is an attempt to redistribute part of the gold holdings in order to use the gold both to cement our hold on foreign markets and at the same time obtain their products most advantageously.

Probably the most revealing proposal of all was that made by Assistant Secretary of State Berle in a speech delivered before the Yale Political Union on January 31. He suggested that after the present war is over the United States may actually find it desirable to give gold away! He said:

> Either we must contribute to reestablishing a classic system abroad, or we shall have to reshape our own finance in order to be able to deal with the world at all. It seems fantastic today to suggest, for instance, handing over some of our accumulated gold as a free gift to reestablish international currency, to let other nations set their houses in order, and thereby reestablish trade and normal life. But this may not seem nearly so fantastic a few years hence. It seems impossible today to think of using the enormous and yet untapped resources of the Federal Reserve System as a means of rebuilding the shattered life of another continent, but when the time actually comes and we are faced with that contingency, we may find that the idea looks more like an immediate necessity than a fairytale.

A grim fairytale indeed! For strip these remarks of their bogus humanitarianism and they reveal the naked aims of American imperialism: the preservation of world capitalism, the domination of the world's markets by American capital, the enslavement of the starved and homeless millions in the belligerent countries and the workers in the colonial dependencies.

None of the financial commentators have yet ventured to deal with the new problems created by Hitler's victories in Europe as they affect gold. Its maldistribution, with the greater part in the hands of the United States, is already a sign of the cancerous degeneration of the world system of capitalism manifested in the traditional medium of exchange. The prospect looms of half the capitalist world on gold and the other half on the barter system, with only the Soviet Union able to trade with both in their chosen mediums. It is not even certain that Britain will remain on gold for long. The English overlords were prompt to rescue the gold in Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France, no matter how grudging their military aid to their allies. France had the largest gold stock of any country except our own, some $2,000,000,000. These gold reserves have been combined with the gold which London held and to it will be added the gold mined in many parts of the British empire. Since more and more the British imperialists will have to wage war with American munitions, the stock of gold owned by the United States must increase.



Michaels

A truly Britannic doublecross may be in the making, for the empire may eventually be forced off gold entirely. That would be quite a bag for Wall Street to hold and would leave us in the position of having actually financed England's war even if we were to keep out of Europe. Of course American imperialism will try to use this virtual monopoly of gold to "buy" the ownership of the British colonies and dominions.

TALE OF GOLD

It is indeed a headache, this plethora of gold. The wisest comment on it was made by a Soviet author who once proposed that some American writer collaborate with him on a story. It was to be the tale of an American mining engineer who went to the Soviet Union with a consignment of goldmining machinery. There he set up the equipment and supervised its operation for several years. And the machines dug gold out of the earth. With this gold the Soviet Union bought still other machines in the United States, steel mill equipment and textile machines and shoemaking machines and automotive machinery and possibly pants-pressing machines. Then this engineer, his contract expired, returned to his native land.

But a depression had settled on America. The engineer tramped the streets looking for a job. When he was starving he went on relief. And when WPA and PWA came along, he got some work. Since he was a trained man they gave him a special job to do. They sent him down to Kentucky and there he helped dig a big hole in the ground and in that hole they stored all the gold, including the gold that he had helped dig out of the earth in the Soviet Union. It came out of a hole in Siberia and went into a hole in Kentucky—but the Soviet Union has the machines!

Gold, we have been taught, is a universal medium of exchange. It has embodied in itself that abstraction of socially necessary labor time which determines value. But it is also a symbol of a dread scourge. The molecules of gold in Fort Knox would, if they could speak, tell a story of oppression and exploitation down the ages. As imperishable as the metal itself is humanity's memory of the suffering embodied in it, the record of every tyranny from the dawn of history to the maniacal imperialisms of 1940. Now these United States, pledged in their infancy to freedom and non-aggression, are embarked upon the course of world conquest. New chapters in the bloody history of gold are about to be written.

But in Cuba, in Mexico, in Chile they are already saying that these chapters will never see the light. There are stirrings in the other Latin American countries. Nor will the workers and farmers in the United States blindly accept this "crown of thorns and cross of gold."

FRANK J. WALLACE.

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Thoughts While Sneezing

Ruth McKenney says a summer cold is worse than the Republican convention. She gargles and dreams of Akron where she and Mr. Willkie lived—but not on the same street.

A SUMMER cold is a very interesting phenomenon. There you are, happy as a lark, full of vim and vigor, out dodging mosquitoes as you weed the delphinium, planning jolly old steak roasts for assorted friends who would probably rather eat on the porch but need a little outdoor exercise—and taking current events, such as W. Willkie and pop-eyed Taft, in your stride.

Then suddenly (sinister roll of drums offstage) that first tickle that is not quite a tickle, in the general regions of your nose. The sore spot, just a little sore spot you understand, in the direction of where your tonsils used to be before they took them out so you wouldn't be getting colds all the time.

"Pooh," you mutter to yourself, "a bit of dust in the air or something. Don't give it a second thought."

But buried deep in your mind is the horrid certainty that all is not well with the old frame. Still, you don't give in. Your laugh grows more silvery, your step more feverish if not energetic. You invite eight more people to the steak roast. The collapse comes suddenly.

I was at the stove yesterday, the recipe page from *PM* to the left of me, meat and mushrooms to the right of me, the butter-cream-flour-mustard and mayonnaise sauce simmering in front of me, when suddenly I decided I was dying of pneumonia. "Carry on," I growled to myself, but my heart wasn't in it. I regarded my delectable confection with a brief spell of gagging. What I'd really like for dinner would be a miserable hunk of beef tea and some melba toast.

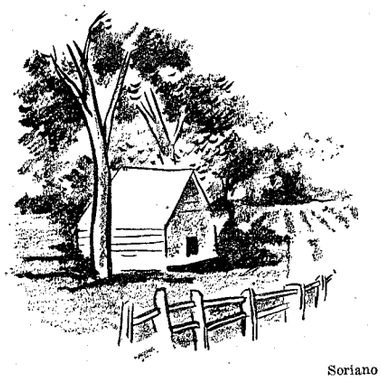
The pneumonia stage is the calm before the storm of course. My husband dried the dishes, but even so I barely managed to totter off to my bed before I felt the leprosy creeping over my aged and palsied limbs. "Never mind the liberty," I groaned into my pillow, "just give me death."

Of course I guess some people, the saintly types, can live right through a summer cold and keep a cool head and a calm mind. But not me. With the first tickle in my throat my beautiful, sunny disposition begins to slip a cog. By the time I'm officially retired to my bed with a slight fever, a large box of Kleenex, a swollen red nose, and assorted reading matter, my temper, to describe it generously, has grown irascible. I feel irresistible impulses to choke people. In fact, I lie there on my bed of pain making Lists, more comprehensive than selective.

And by horrid chance, the Republican convention and the McKenney summer cold started at the same time this year. I'm afraid we aggravated each other. I was put-putting along, taking the Republican boys with many a carefree laugh, until Nature stepped on my face. Now, if I knew how to knit, I'd be running up a little sweater or something, composed of W's and T's and D's and B's and other interesting symbols. I know I ought to chuckle, but in my present fevered condition the Republican convention has left me dreaming of mayhem and slaughter.

Oh, of course, I'm not really worked up about Dewey. I guess he's a louse, but he's rather quaint. If he only had a Space Ship and a Death Ray he'd stack up quite nicely next to Superman and Dick Tracy. But some of the Republican boys are from Ohio, and between blowing my nose and gargling aspirin, I consider this an insult. I'm from Ohio myself. What did Ohio ever do to deserve Robert Taft, not to mention Willkie, who has announced he's taken over Akron, O., as his adopted home town.

What nerve! He'd better watch out, that Willkie. He's been putting out a lot of folksy publicity about Akron where he sort of grew up with the boys, and such. I guess he thinks people don't remember him in Akron, except in a dream or something. But people in Akron have exceedingly keen memories and Mr. Willkie was a lawyer for the rubber barons during the period when his publicity men claim he was out playing marbles and singing Sweet Adeline with that old gang of his. Of course I'm not saying that good old Willkie personally robbed any orphans or struck any broken-down widows in the eye, but Akron in the twenties was not an unlikely breeding ground for presidents of public utilities, if you get what I mean. The atmosphere was strictly dog eat dog. The rubber companies were vying with each other—to put it politely—to see who could rob the customers, stockholders, and workers in a bigger and better way. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. was promoting the Ku Klux Klan as an extracurricular activity for their factory force. And fluttering around in the background was the Ohio Edison Co., systematically gouging the population out of its last nickel.



Soriano

Oh, well. This is written from the bedside, with absolutely no inside dope, but somehow I can't believe even the Republicans would be such dopes as to pin the toga on W. Willkie, Morgan's gift to Wall Street—not unless the Republicans just come out frankly with the inspiring slogan, "Set a Thief to Catch a Thief; Win with Willkie, the Man with Experience! He used to gouge the government; now let him gouge you!" Of course if the boys in Philadelphia do decide on Willkie, I worked out something nice for the opposition, simple but sure. All they need to do is slip into every electric light bill delivered after Oct. 1, 1940, a printed notice carrying the simple message: "Wendell Willkie owns electric light companies." The nation will rise up as one man.

But I guess I should remember my weakened condition and not get too excited. After all, the Republicans have been going on like this for years and years. Still, sometimes they pass beyond all understanding. We live in a troubled world. In Europe the people are suffering the consequences of capitalist mismanagement. And in the United States, ditto. And if we don't have war, we have unemployment and starvation and bad health and worse housing and rising hysteria and assorted other evils. We also have Mrs. Worthington Scranton, ringing Liberty Bells for the opening of the Republican convention. I expect Mrs. Scranton is funny as hell, in a way, and if it weren't for this summer cold she'd probably give me hysterics. But just now I think Mrs. Scranton and the rest of her chums down there in Philadelphia are pretty grim. I know Tommy Manville and Brenda Frazier are more or less loathsome characters, but if we have to have capitalist excrescences hanging around, I somehow prefer the Stork Club to the Philadelphia Union League. At least Mr. Manville and Miss Frazier make no bones about being parasites; everybody knows, including themselves that they don't amount to a row of beans. But Mrs. Worthington Scranton and Mr. Wendell Willkie and Mr. Robert Taft (especially Taft) have delusions of grandeur. They think the country's destiny depends on them, an idea to turn the hair white and chill the blood. There's a lot of flumdummery around the Republican convention, flags and buttons and cheers and other such colorful details, but behind this jolly facade, behind the speeches and the statements to the press, there is the very cold business of Wall Street warming up to get a firmer stranglehold on the American people.

And it makes my scalp prickle. Boy! Get me my knitting needles and oil up the tumbrils. And don't forget the aspirin.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

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Conscription and the Joneses

If the Burke bill is passed, the average American family will lose jobs, civil liberties, and social security. Where the tax burden will fall.

On June 20 Senator Burke of Nebraska introduced in the Senate of the United States the Compulsory Military Training and Service Bill. Supposedly on June 7 the campaign for peacetime compulsory conscription was initiated with a leading editorial in the New York *Times* beginning, "The time has come when . . . the American people should at once adopt a national system of universal compulsory military training." Comments approving the editorial were made both here and abroad almost immediately. Such efficiency indicates careful staging. On the same day President Roosevelt approved the idea in a press conference. On the same day the secretaries of war and agriculture echoed his approval.

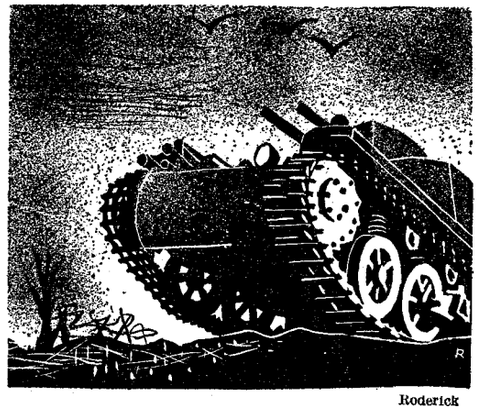
The *Times* editorial sought to convey the impression that opposition to compulsory conscription had to be dropped in the interest of saving the world for democracy. Did the *Times* editorial writers, against their own scruples but dreading the direction and extent of Hitler's advances, sit down and, at white heat, dash off a plea allegedly expressing the sentiment of the American people for compulsory peacetime conscription? Or was the editorial just one more step in a carefully concealed plan to impose militarization on the country, even in peacetime? A few facts are sufficient to dispel the idea that peacetime conscription was born in the *Times* editorial rooms or that it derived from a dread of Hitler's successes. The fact is that some of our leading citizens and War Department generals have been brewing their conscription schemes since the termination of the last world war. The fact is that Col. Julius Ochs Adler, general manager of the *Times,* is in charge of the Military Training Camps Association for the 2nd Corps Area. In addition, he is a civilian aide to the secretary of war and commander of the 306th Infantry.

A military conscription bill, the Capper-Johnson bill, was introduced in Congress as far back as eighteen years ago. *The Burke bill itself embodies almost every detail for peacetime conscription found in the Industrial Mobilization Plan of 1933, known as the M-Day Plan.* And the 1933 M-Day Plan itself originated with a committee appointed by the United States Army General Staff in 1926. Back in 1926 the general staff commissioned the Army and Navy Selective Service Committee to map out a program for "selective service"—i.e., compulsory military conscription. Both the 1933 and 1935 M-Day Plans called for compulsory conscription in peacetime. The House of Representatives in 1935 actually passed a universal conscription bill to be operated in peacetime. Introduced by Representative McSwain, the bill passed overwhelmingly by 365 to fifteen. An aroused public opinion stopped the bill dead in its tracks. Catering to this public sentiment, the M-Day Plan of 1936 and finally the M-Day Plan of 1939 omitted any reference to peacetime conscription. But it did not disappear altogether. The 1939 plan sets up a board—the Selective Service Administration—and says nothing about details for conscription. But reposing in the files of the War Department are unpublished annexes to the M-Day Plan setting forth the details by which the machinery of peacetime conscription will be set in motion. Passage of the Burke bill puts one phase of M-Day into operation.

Clearly more than patriotic fervor is involved when, less than twenty-four hours after the appearance of the New York *Times* editorial, newspapers over the country take up the cry with editorial arguments endorsing the stand of the *Times;* when they feature news stories about popular support—mainly from "prominent citizens." A news item—" 'We should have universal compulsory military service now,' General Pershing said in praising a New York *Times* editorial advocating this step"—hits the papers over the country.

Every person favoring peace and civil liberties should understand the terms of the Burke-Wadsworth conscription bill, while there is still time for public pressure to react on Congress. Consider what would happen to the Jones family, an average American working class family, if the bill passes.

A much heralded radio "fireside chat" by the President will notify the family that all males between eighteen and sixty-five must appear on a certain day to register for training and service in the armed forces. Then, in accordance with instructions, John Jones, aged twenty-five and unmarried, his father Jim Jones who is under sixty-five, and Harry Jones, a younger brother over eighteen but still in his teens, put in an appearance at an appointed place and on an appointed day to register with the Selective Service authorities. Should one of them grumble at the infringement of his rights as a free American and express opposition to this regimentation of his life, he might be arrested forthwith. He might be imprisoned for five years and fined $10,000 under a provision of the conscription bill which makes it a crime to attack or counsel the evasion of registration or service. Anticipating such possibilities in view of the traditional opposition of the American people to compulsory registration and conscription, a Public Relations Division in the meantime will have been conducting a national campaign to impress people with the need for compliance. In the Industrial Mobilization Plan of 1933 the Army and Navy Departments discussing such a propaganda campaign stated: "It must reach every person who reads, no matter how inaccessible, and must be told in every language. To millions of men everywhere must be carried the message to do a certain thing at a certain place on a certain date."



Roderick

The eligible males in the Jones family are registered. They will receive a numbered ticket. They must have it on them at all times. They must produce it at the request of any policeman, their employers, FBI agents, special Selective Service Administration representatives, and perhaps private snoopers.

John Jones' fate will be determined by the drawing of lots for all those between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five. His number may be picked (and the odds favor it since 78 to 87 percent of those called will be drawn from men between twenty-one and thirty-one). He will be promptly put in uniform and assigned to a military camp. He will serve for eight months unless (and here's the joker) Congress extends the period. He will be paid wages of $5 a month. He may be sent from his home in east Jersey to a camp in Texas. (The government will pay the fare). Remember, this happens in peacetime.

Is John Jones free of military service after eight months (assuming that Congress does not extend the time)? Not at all. Automatically, he becomes a member of the reserve forces (subject to immediate call in the event of war) for an additional period of ten years. Nor is that all. He may again be called during peacetime for further training for one full month in any year and for three full months in any five-year period.

Pa Jones and young Harry haven't even the sorry consolation of trusting to luck in their selection for military service. Since they are in the youngest and oldest groups—between eighteen and twenty-one or between forty-five and sixty-five—they can be called for ser-

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vice at any time. They will be assigned to "Home Defense Units" "in or near the vicinity or area" where they reside. That might mean up to two hundred miles from home. There is no time limitation on their training period. It may be for a year or two or as long as the authorities deem necessary.

"DEFERMENTS"

Let us say that John Jones is a good mechanic in an industrial plant and Pa Jones is a good tool-and-die maker. The military authorities may prefer not to call them for service but may decide to keep them at their posts in the factory. They may be granted "deferments," i.e., their military service may be postponed. The President's Selective Service Board may decide that their uninterrupted employment at the factory is necessary to "national health, safety, or interest."

What about young Harry who is a shipping clerk in a department store? Does he stand a chance to continue with his daily work? Not a chance, unless a regulation is adopted similar to that of the last world war, providing that an individual engaged in a "non-essential" occupation may be accorded a chance to take an "essential job." In other words, Harry must work where the government thinks he should—or else become a conscript. Regardless of where he works, he may be ordered into military training.

If one of the Joneses is granted deferment, he must be careful lest he displease the boss. As Bernard Baruch stated the idea before the Munitions Committee in 1934 (referring to a war period, but it will be equally true of peacetime under the terms of the Burke bill):

> No matter what the grounds for your deferment may be, unless you are *faithfully*, continuously, and usefully employed in a capacity and for an enterprise determined by the government to be essential to the prosecution of the war [or to the national health, safety, or interest] your deferment will be canceled, and you will be immediately called for service with the colors.

The men in the Jones family must face the prospect that the right to cancel deferments means the right to draft labor. The Nye committee said so in 1934 and it holds true under the Burke bill today. The Nye committee said then that while the military authorities could not directly order workers of draft age from one job to another, nevertheless they could "specify certain industries in which available men must be employed if they want to stay out of the army."

Let us say that the Joneses have obtained deferments because they work in an essential industry. They are good union men. They support the program and decisions of their trade union. They join with other workers to struggle for higher wages to meet rising living costs. They participate in efforts to decrease hours in order to withstand the speedup instituted by the boss in his drive for war profits. If the Selective Service authorities consider such activity harmful to the "national safety or interests," the deferments of the Joneses will be canceled and back they go to the military training camps. If they happen to be union organizers or leaders, their chances for deferments may diminish down to zero should a labor-hating member of the Selective Service Board consider them "troublemakers, lacking in patriotism." Should the employer refuse collective bargaining, the men may deliberate the necessity for a strike. The Nye committee told what might happen: ". . . the government authorities could break any strike simply by canceling the deferments of the strike leaders and as many of their men as necessary and drafting them into the army."

Bernard Baruch liked this "work-or-fight principle" (as does every other "patriotic" profit-seeking industrialist). He told the Munitions Committee quite frankly: "The draft of men for industrial employment is not only impossible, it is wholly unnecessary. It [the work-or-fight principle] is compatible with our institutions and far more effective than any chain gang or impressment that could be invented."

Immediately after the Jones men are taken over by the military service under the Burke bill, they become subject to military law. The law of their state and the law of the land is not for them. Their tribunal of justice becomes the courtmartial. They have no right to trial by jury, no right to be freed on bail, no recourse to the writ of habeas corpus. They cannot appeal to the courts.

What about Mary Jones? That question was asked of the President on June 18 at a press conference in which he announced his plan for universal compulsory service for the youth. He answered that the detail had not been overlooked. What does that mean? Simply that Mary Jones (perhaps her mother too) may eventually be conscripted into war industries or into home defense groups of one kind or another. If Mary and her mother carry out the tradition of the Joneses by insisting on belonging to a union and fighting for better conditions, the authorities can exert pressure by threatening to cancel the deferments of their men folk, if they are not already in the service of the armed forces.

How will Mrs. Jones take care of her home while the men are in the service at $5 a month and with prices soaring? She and Mary may have to look for work and take a job regardless of their previous training. Social legislation, enacted for the special protection of women, will go by the board—certainly if M-Day plans are put into effect. Minimum wage, maximum hour legislation for women will have been scrapped. Factory laws will be canceled or modified.

While the Jones men are engaged in compulsory training at $5 per month, and while the Jones women are enduring hardship and hunger at home, the United States government is buying uniforms to put on the Jones men, guns for them to shoulder, and battleships for them to sail in. But does Senator Burke propose to force the uniform manufacturers, the armaments makers, the shipbuilders, and the steel monopolists to pitch in and place their plants at the disposal of the government, giving up all thoughts of profits? The Burke bill has not a word to say on this.

Mrs. Jones may have cause to worry; the industrialist can rest easy. Exactly one day before the Burke bill was introduced, the Senate Naval Affairs Committee heard testimony that the Navy Department was handing a billion dollars in contracts to American industry. Prices under the contracts were to be computed so as to *guarantee* a minimum of 7 percent profit to the industrialist. This parallels the notorious "cost-plus" plan used during the last world war. It was this method which enabled American capitalists to obtain profits reaching up to 1,000 percent of peacetime earnings. Yet in spite of this, the Navy Department demanded at the hearing a higher guarantee. The Defense Advisory Commission also sent two "experts" to the Senate committee who warned that the 7 percent 7 percent might make manufacturers "less eager" to cooperate in the defense program.

THE JONESES PAY

Who will pay for these profits? The administration again turns to the Jones family. Five days after the Burke bill was introduced, President Roosevelt signed a new tax law—the Revenue Act of 1940. The additional money will be forthcoming as a result of the enactment of this law. Its new features are drafted in accordance with the maxim of Congressman Barton, wealthy advertising magnate, that "every man and woman from the richest to the poorest may have the duty and privilege of making a direct financial contribution to America." Lower income groups, previously exempted from the personal income tax law, will be privileged to make "a direct financial contribution to America." Large sums raised in this way will go toward contributing to the 7 percent plus profit to shipbuilders and steel companies. And not only will Mrs. Jones pay more direct taxes, she will be "privileged" to pay more taxes on food and other articles she must use. The new law increases the tax on cigarettes, tobacco, and other articles of common consumption. If she goes to a cheap movie she will be "privileged" to pay a tax where none was payable before.

Mrs. Jones probably would be surprised to know that the steel companies in 1917 refused to sell to the government unless their price terms were met. Judge Gary, representing the steel interests, told the government that "manufacturers must have reasonable profits in order to do their duty." The net income of US Steel rose from $106,000,000 in 1912 to $529,000,000 in 1917. (Incidentally, its profits for the first three months of 1940 exceeded last year's by 2,490 percent.) A Senate investigation disclosed that ten steel mills netted profits of from 30 percent to 319 percent in 1918. Four officials of Bethlehem Steel were paid bonuses in 1917 of $2,300,000 and the next year received $2,100,000.

This story may be repeated—unless Mr. and Mrs. Jones put a stop to it.

MAX FRIMMEL.

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Independence Day

INDEPENDENCE DAY 164 years ago was both an end and a beginning. It closed a period of twelve and more years of intermittent battles between the American colonies growing to nationhood and the British crown. It culminated more than a decade of issues and campaigns: against the Stamp Act and other arbitrary taxation, against the Navigation Laws which harassed and confined four million Americans within the bondage of the British empire. Independence Day came two years after the first Continental Congress, after the battles of Lexington and Concord, after Sam Adams' "committee of correspondence" had already woven the pattern of revolutionary organization for the citizens of the emergent republic. Thomas Jefferson's noble Declaration was both a summary of the past and a chart for the future. But it was not until eight long years later that the colonies were sure of their nationhood—years of travail, of temporary defeat, partial victories, winters, such as Valley Forge, that "tried men's souls." Only the hardiest, most persistent, most courageous men saw the struggle through to victory.

It strikes us that July 4, 1940, is similarly a moment of great transition. Looking back on the past decade, on the post-war era, there emerges through the poverty and hunger and abuse of men's dignity a pattern of protest. Victory for the common people of America is certain. But like the signers of the Declaration, all of us face the long, hard path, which only the most resolved, only those who draw their faith and confidence from the aspirations of the common people, will finally traverse. What are the issues of this moment? NEW MASSES readers know them well. They are peace and the preservation of civil liberties. The overriding issue is whether the American people shall come into the ownership of the great, fertile productive edifice which their forefathers built, or whether by the grasping cupidity and stubborn insolence of a handful of usurpers, the nation shall be dragged down to decadence and the despair of fascism. The signers of the Declaration minced no language. Their words are worth rereading:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. . . . That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

Browder's Conviction

POLITICAL persecution through the courts has added another infamous date to American history. On June 24, 1940, the US Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the conviction of Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President, on the charge of violating the passport law. That conviction was followed by a four-year prison sentence and $2,500 fine. Yet the circuit court's decision admits that if Browder violated anything it was an established "use" or custom rather than any law. The facts are worth reviewing. In the first place, Browder was never tried, as one would gather from the usual press reports, for "using a false name" on his passport. His use of such a pseudonym many years ago was not the basis of the charge against him. He was accused, rather, of reentering the country in 1937 and 1938 on a passport bearing his own name which had been obtained, the government alleged, by making a false statement.

The defense contended that the statement was not false and, furthermore, an American citizen does not require a passport to reenter the country; therefore, Browder had committed no crime. In its decision, the US Circuit Court of Appeals noted that while the law did not require such use of a passport, it had become "long established" through custom. In short, the Communist leader has not only been tried and convicted on a thin technicality, but the legal basis of the technicality itself is extremely dubious.

Suppose, however, that the legal basis were sound—how, even then, explain the extraordinary jail sentence and fine? A violation of the kind with which Browder was charged usually calls for a suspended sentence or perhaps a small fine. But Earl Browder's case is "different." He is the leader of a party which opposes the Republicrats' war policies. He publishes blueprints for the defense of America to show up the swastika in FDR's "defense" plans. When Browder addressed the Communist Party convention last month, many editors happily reassured their readers that he would soon be wearing stripes. His persecutors are particularly happy that he was tried for what they call "fraud." This, they hope, will rob his case of the dramatic qualities which would, for example, attend a conviction for resistance to war. How futile that hope is has already been shown by the widespread rallying to Browder's defense. The people know the truth: that he *is* being persecuted for opposition to this war.

Coughlin's Triumph

ANOTHER court decision was made June 24, 1940. A jury acquitted nine members of Father Coughlin's Christian Front, accused of conspiracy to overthrow the government. During the trial, which lasted three months, it was proved that the defendants had appropriated rifles and ammunition from the National Guard. It was shown that they planned to seize government arsenals, bomb the *Daily Worker* offices, and get rid of numerous persons whose ancestry or politics displeased them. Four years in prison and a $2,500 fine would surely not be too large a penalty for such terrorism. But the defendants got off scot-free. The prosecution couldn't bring itself to deal too harshly with them; after all, the boys were just trying to protect their country from the "Reds"; they were doing it, too, through methods prescribed by their spiritual leader in Royal Oak—through the "Franco way."

Father Coughlin himself, who instigated and encouraged the Christian Front movement, was not tried at all. But June 24 was a big day for him. "The Christian Front movement," he promised, "will emerge more vigorous and potent than ever." Moreover, "the resentment [resulting from the trial] is liable to increase the wave of anti-Semitism throughout the country. . . ." The "not guilty" verdict will promote more than anti-Semitism. Vigilantes will feel safer in their terroristic raids on labor organizations. The hooligan violence which masquerades as "patriotism" will be encouraged. This is the price of the administration's political concept of justice—prison for peace advocates, freedom for terrorists.

Soviet Strides

CLOSELY related are the two important decisions carried into effect by the Soviet Union this week: (1) to take up new positions in the Balkan–Black Sea area; (2) to increase the hours of labor in the USSR. One socialist state in a world of capitalist states which are arming beyond historical precedent, the Soviet Union adds to its already magnificent defenses and strategic advantages with lightning speed. At one stroke it increases its total productive capacity by an estimated one-sixth. At another stroke it accomplishes for the security of the Black Sea what it has already done for the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland.

So far as the Soviet-Rumanian adjustments go, the facts are known. The bulk of the territory involved is that area between the Dniester and Prut rivers stolen from the revolutionary Ukraine in 1918. The Soviet government had never renounced its claim to this province —Bessarabia—though it forbore to press the claim when a demand for its rights might have weakened the peace forces of the world. Today its calm demand for the return of stolen property adds to the defensive strength of Odessa and the important Soviet Transcaucasian oil country, though Baku remains extremely close to the Turkish border. But far more than that: through the agency of the USSR, the people of the world have set up their big guns in the Balkan–Black Sea area to say to any and all imperialists, "thus far and no further." More and more will the Soviet's decisive influence in this Balkan passageway

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to the East take on importance, when the question of colonial liberation struggles in the East becomes the dominant actuality.

The press strains logic to make the Soviet action at once a "partition" in "agreement" with Germany, and a Soviet fear-move *against* Germany. Both versions are nonsense. The bold and well timed step taken by the USSR is typical of its absolutely independent line in protection of the interests of 180,000,000 Soviet citizens, interests that correspond to those of working people everywhere. There is no ground whatever for assuming that these actions of the USSR will alter, in the slightest degree, the good relations existing between the Soviet Union and Germany. On the other hand, there is equally no question that Soviet advances do not conform to the basic interests of Italian or Axis or Allied or *any* imperialism.

The Balkan peoples benefit. Correspondents of the bourgeois press, on the spot, reveal that the people under Rumanian rule can hardly be displeased at the change of fortunes. Richard Mowrer observes (New York *Post,* June 27) that "the dwellers of squalid Tighina, for example, can look across the River Dniester into Russia and see the red tile rooftops of a model Soviet village." They have been looking —and drawing conclusions—for years. Moreover, Carol's acceptance of the Soviet demands has already shaken his Nazi-modeled dictatorship launched last week in a burst of anti-Semitism. Once again the Jews of the region and of the world are indebted to the Soviet Union for a blow struck against their oppressors.

The Working Day

THE increase of working hours adopted in the USSR fits into the same pattern of independent socialist policy in a capitalist world.

The Soviet's constant increase of armed strength, improvement of strategic position, and spread of influence are the best insurance against the renewal of attempts by the imperialists to revive the very sick scheme of the united crusade against the USSR. What is more, the influence of the Soviet Union is the foremost positive factor on the side of anti-imperialist forces today. As the grip of British and French imperialism relaxes in Asia, the Indian, Indo-Chinese, and kindred millions must join the Chinese in resisting attempts at conquest by new masters. In the day of great wars for self-liberation by today's colonial slaves, how grateful we shall be for the increased reserves of armament made available by the new hour schedules of the Soviet workers!

It now develops, however, that even with the new hours, the longer day, the longer week, the Soviet worker has the shortest hours of any worker in the world! Stepping up production to meet the most furious war drive of the capitalists, the Soviet trade unions call for a day still shorter than that in the advanced bourgeois "democracies." Our "own" apologists for Wall Street, the gentlemen of the press, realized that uncomfortable truth about the hours. They had an awful time figuring out how to treat the subject. You see, there was a fearful danger that, in making anti-Soviet propaganda out of it, they might reveal the truth: that the Soviet workers have been on a six- and seven-hour day all these years; that eight hours is still the maximum!

Thieves Fall Out

PUBLICATION of the armistice terms accepted by the French government from Hitler and Mussolini brought no surprises. Anyhow, the armistice itself was almost forgotten in the disgraceful squabbling between Churchill and Petain; that is, between the old-line British imperialists and the modern French Cagoulards. The Bordeaux government's contribution to the row was a biting accusation that the British had jolly well looked after themselves and left their allies holding the bag. Churchill's 2 cents worth, in the form of a speech in Commons, was meant to show that the French had simply walked out on a pal who was never known to desert the bedside of a sick friend. It was something of a boomerang, though. In black and white, it related that Churchill had carried on some sort of intrigue over the head of the French government with traitors like Reynaud and Mandel. With this direct contact as a lever, he had threatened to force France to fight to utter destruction unless Petain would agree to hand the French Navy over to Britain.

The British imperialists have by no means given up their determination to dispose of the lives and resources of the French empire. There is a steady flow of discredited French politicians—Leon ("Non-intervention") Blum is one of the latest—to London where General de Gaulle operates a French "national committee" for Churchill. Even if de Gaulle were replaced by Blum, it wouldn't help the prestige of the stooge committee. The dirt is beginning to come out about the whole series of governments-for-the-two-hundred families that led France to disaster. It is now revealed that they had a lot of American planes in hand but hadn't bothered to assemble them because French capitalists found it easier to squeeze the government while planes were wanting. The actual results of the squabble are still in doubt. French warship commanders and colonial administrators who have been replaced and ordered home will probably stall around awhile to see how Britain fares before they make their final choice between Bordeaux and London.

The French were left in control of their colonies. Of course colonial settlement on a large scale will await the signing of a peace treaty, with the Germans, no doubt, counting on having England under control by that time. In the meantime it is a convenience to the winners to make use of the trained French administrative and military apparatus in the colonies to keep imperialist prestige from slipping before the peace is signed.

Gentlemen of Japan

THE assorted acts and denials issuing from Tokyo these days add up to a grab plan. The feudal-militarists of Japan are stretching forth their greedy paws toward Indo-China, the Dutch East Indies, Hong Kong, and perhaps even Burma and India. The routine procedure is to complain that the French and British are allowing arms and supplies to cross their colonial territories en route to Chiang Kai-shek. France did not surrender her colonies by the terms of her armistice with Germany and Italy, and Britain has not yet even been beaten into formal submission, but the one is about as helpless as the other to "defend" her distant slave estates. London, for instance, has just instructed the viceroy of India and the governor general of Burma to carry on the best they can if Britain seems to disappear from the empire picture. Some news reports try to associate this act with a plan for immediate universal conscription of Indians for overseas service, but nothing could be more unreal in the present situation. British rule exists by default—by the failure of the Nationalist Congress to move swiftly to end it; any effort to impose new obligations would shake up the fire. It is the Japanese threat that more seriously menaces the Eastern peoples at the very moment a prospect of freedom has dawned upon them. But the Japanese militarists are behaving as though they had been increasing their strength in all these years of the China "incident." The truth is, the Japanese internal situation is strained severely. The unwieldy dual political machinery, by which the army imposes its own will upon the country while a civil power tries to "govern," is rapidly breaking down beneath the war load. Prince Konoye is making a desperate effort to patch up a one-party, European-model, fascist political system to meet the added burdens of the new adventures in the south Pacific. In respect of outside opposition, the Japanese outlook is not so rosy as it may seem. It is true that Britain and France are out of the running; it is probable that Germany and Italy cannot exert an effective claim at this time; it is unlikely that Wall Street, committed to a hemisphere expansion program and a world contest with Germany, can balk the immediate Japanese drive. But the Chinese Nationalist government's position opens surprising possibilities. Any Japanese meddling with Indo-China is China's business, Chungking has declared boldly. This statement marks a great political advance on the part of the Kuomintang which now perceives that Chinese freedom and the freedom of all colonial peoples are one closely knit problem. And Chinese defense of Indo-China is no idle threat, for behind the mighty Chinese people stands the yet mightier USSR. What Mao Tse-tung wrote of the Chinese question may be applied to the whole South Pacific and Indian Ocean: "All those who dream of settling the Chinese question without the Soviet Union . . . are dreamers, and nothing will come of their dreams."

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How I Came to Write It

Mike Quin tells the story of his famous pamphlet "The Yanks Are Not Coming." Breaking through the fog of war propaganda. The answer to the M-Plan.

JOE NORTH asked me to review my own pamphlets. That's unusual, but a progressive step forward in journalism. First it assures the author that he'll be reviewed and, second, it eliminates the nuisance of critics who generally just expound their own opinions on the subject and then bawl you out for not having said the same thing.

Last September I wrote a simple little pamphlet for maritime workers, saying that the European war was crooked and we ought to stay out of it. On second thought I scratched out the silly words "ought to" and substituted the positive note that we're just plain not going into it. For a title, I wrote *The Yanks Are Not Coming*. It was the Educational Committee of District Council No. 2 of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific at San Francisco that asked me to write it. I couldn't see much sense in trying to "educate" sailors and longshoremen against war since all of them know it is crooked and none of them have any use for it.

I did note, however, that although agreement was almost unanimous that the war was a doublecrossing racket, they were equally convinced and resigned to the belief that we would soon be in it, and there was nothing they could do about it. They would point to the crookedness of Wall Street, its control of the press and its power over the government, as proof that there was nothing you could do about it. They believed the average man was a sucker for war propaganda and all you had to do was blow a bugle and he'd come a-running. So they felt it was wiser to keep your mouth shut and not stick your neck out or you'd only get yourself in trouble. Obviously, what this added up to was that they had no faith in American democracy, no faith in each other, and consequently no faith in themselves. A hell of a situation, if you ask me.

CONFIDENCE NEEDED

I realized that the No. 1 job in America is to give the common people confidence in each other and confidence in themselves, and that's exactly the job I tackled in *The Yanks Are Not Coming*. The theory that the "average man" is a dope is a favorite one with capital. As long as they can keep people convinced of it, they can rule the roost. It has no basis in fact.

You will note that editorials and propaganda in the newspapers are not aimed at convincing the individual. Rather, their main emphasis is on creating the illusion that "this is the accepted belief" and "this is what your neighbor thinks" and "this is the way public opinion is shaping" and "you'd damned well better keep your mouth shut and conform if you don't want to become unpopular and let yourself in for trouble."

The whole process is one of intimidation. It is based on assumption rather than argument. Suppose, for example, that Wall Street should suddenly get mad at the San Blas Indians. They wouldn't waste much time arguing the point. They'd just print simultaneous editorials in all the nation's big newspapers stating that "Public indignation against the San Blas Indians has now reached unprecedented proportions and vigorous steps are being taken in all communities to see that all persons sympathetic to the San Blas Indians are driven out of American society."

The "average man" would immediately gather that the subject of San Blas Indians was highly unpopular. He'd lay off it and even take some pains to make it clear he had no use for them. If the intimidation got strong enough he'd resort to the precaution of preceding every utterance with: "Now don't get me wrong. Of course I've got no use for the San Blas Indians, but—"

War propaganda works just this way. It doesn't convince, it intimidates. During the last world war they launched the most intense propaganda drive ever seen on this continent. On the surface you'd think the entire nation was wild with war enthusiasm. When three-minute speakers appeared in movie houses, the patrons all but clapped the chandeliers down. What man would have had the courage to refrain?

But what was the truth underlying this surface show? The purpose of the propaganda drive was to secure 3,500,000 recruits. After thirty days of whooping it up, with the entire population cheering and parading and waving flags, only 86,000 men showed up at the recruiting offices. That was the truth. In fearful panic, the War Department soon instituted the draft.

The average American had no use for the war, even in those days. But every time he bought a magazine, there was a fiction story telling of how some man failed to buy war stamps and, as a consequence, he was socially ostracized by the town, fired from his job, and handed back his engagement ring. Illustration would probably picture the girl marching off with a handsome captain in uniform while the cowardly looking man who wouldn't buy war stamps was being booed and showered with white feathers by the children of the neighborhood.

What kind of appeal to patriotism is that? It was this kind of humbug that I tackled in *The Yanks Are Not Coming*. Fortunately, it came out before any intimidation had a chance to set in. Although intended only for maritime workers it sold hundreds of thousands of copies over the whole country and is still rolling strongly, despite the fact that the recently conceived "fifth column" idiocy is now throwing a shadow of fear over Americans.

M-PLAN

In about March of this year rumors of a mysterious M-Plan were circulating among unions and the public. About all anyone knew was that the War Department had designed a streamlined dog collar which would be buckled around the public neck on the day America declared war. I obtained all available information on the subject and perceived a startling lack of either good sense or Americanism in this so-called Mobilization Plan. What's more, it was clear that the plan was already being put in effect bit by bit. Briefly, it would suspend the democratic processes of American life (to the extent they now function) and substitute arbitrary rule by a council of the largest industrialists and financiers.

So I wrote another pamphlet, *Ashcan the M-Plan*, which is now following the footsteps of *The Yanks Are Not Coming*. Both of these pamphlets are modest affairs printed on cheap newsprint and stuttering here and there with typographical errors. When the roll is called up yonder in the hall of immortal literature, I doubt if they'll let me in the door with them. But anyone can see with half an eye that their motives are honest and what they say is true.

Right now the wealthy people of the country are screaming that I'm a "fifth-columnist" and a "Trojan horse" and trying to get people to dislike me. As far as I'm concerned, they can go to hell. In my opinion they're a pack of Trojan horses themselves and if something isn't done to curb them they'll ruin the country. If the common people are "dopes" then it is time we "dopes" got together before the "intelligent" people wreck things completely.

A deficiency of *Ashcan the M-Plan* is that it condemns the M-Plan emphatically but has little to say on the question of national defense. As the American people today watch nation after nation fall apart, they are sincerely determined to spare the United States from a like fate. They realize also that correcting the internal weaknesses of a nation is as vital to national defense as military preparedness.

Reactionary forces in America today are racketeering on national defense, and the very men who are advocating it the loudest are serving it the least. For instance, it is hardly

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serving national defense to cut relief budgets and call the unemployed chiselers at a time when they are listed as the first to be drafted. Labor is national defense in person since it will not only man the belt lines of industry but take the heat on the firing line. This is no time to start destroying the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

The eagerness of newspaper publishers to confuse national defense with involvement in foreign war is likewise exasperating Americans. Scandalous profiteering in the last world war and the cynical disillusion which followed make it imperative that America enact stern measures for the limitation of profits and the conscription of wealth today. No such measures are being taken, despite the thin dribble of lip service in that direction. This is the kind of internal corruption that weakens a nation and makes concrete fortifications bend like cheese.

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I'm just barely getting warmed up and I'm at the end of my space. Joe North said 1,500 words, and I've about used them up. I'll end by saying America will be national-defenseless just so long as you keep electing men to the government who stick feathers in a piece of baloney and try to sell it to the American people for a chicken in every pot. I've got more to say about this, but I'll put it in another article. Meanwhile, remember that Washington's army didn't cross the Delaware on its hands and knees. Things are tough and the future looks noisy, but there's nowhere to crawl. So stand up, spit in their eye, and don't let them intimidate you.

It's like the old lady who looked under her bed for fifth-columnists and didn't see anything there but the Chamber of Commerce.

MIKE QUIN.

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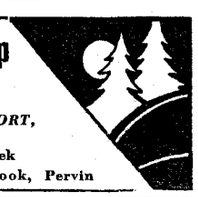

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the Foreign Policy Association, took frequent trips to Europe, wrote many books, became an editor of *Fortune*. He has now written, the blurb adds, "a brilliant and comprehensive analysis of the responsibilities in world affairs incurred by our historic policies and present necessities."

Mr. Buell's analysis, so far as I can make out, rests on the premise that "America's problem is to recapture a sense of a moral absolute partly revealed by experience but constantly to be sought after." Without that Mr. Buell feels that "America may drift into an imperialism of its own." Which leads Mr. Buell to conclude that "world institutions of the future must be largely functional." To achieve "international and regional cooperation," Mr. Buell proposes that the League of Nations be revived. He details exactly how the League should be reorganized, how many members it should have, who should vote, how the vote should be taken, and how both "capital and labor should be represented." In the event that this solution may at first glance seem objectionable because of its similarity to the setup following the 1914-18 war, Mr. Buell suggests that the resuscitated League be known as the Association of Nations.

Perhaps this seems an unfair summary of a long and discursive book. I don't think so. Mr. Buell, at this critical moment in world history, falls back heavily on intangibles, on moralistic precepts, on an insistence that it is necessary to convince men to deal with one another in a more neighborly, more just, more virtuous manner. How make them do so? Mr. Buell appeals to the people's faith in America, to industrial, labor, and farm groups to make temporary concessions.

It would be very easy to dismiss this gawkish appeal to the Golden Rule as so much dull nonsense. It is that, without doubt. But at the same time, *Isolated America* is more—it is also an indication of the complete bewilderment that has overwhelmed America's "best minds." Even the learned Charles Beard has succumbed to this confusion, as his most recent tract, *A Foreign Policy for America,* testifies. Shrewder than Buell, a more deft craftsman, Mr. Beard also tries his hand at giving advice, and comes off no better.

Unlike Buell, Beard presents many interesting and useful facts. But his program for America, deduced from the evidence he attempts to appraise, offers no solution for the admitted mess in which this country finds itself. For what Mr. Beard proposes is only a rewarmed version of the senior La Follette's desire to reverse the clock of history, to recapture the good old days when monopoly was not supreme and American economy was more nearly "self-sufficient." If the United States could only be content with what it has, mourns Beard, if it would only abandon imperialism and build up its internal economy, all would then be splendid.

The "if" is where the whole argument comes to grief. While Beard's "continentalism" sounds a great deal more sophisticated

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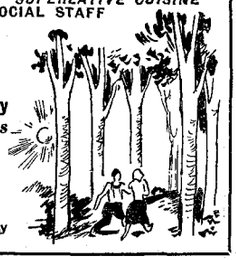

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than Buell's vague moralisms, both writers ignore reality with equal unconcern.

What are the realities? True, they are complex. Yet certain facts cannot be spirited away with fine words and evasions. It takes no vast study of history, or of American conditions, or of world diplomacy to grasp the implications of certain events, particularly since the disastrous German sweep through France. Perhaps the simplest way to reach the conclusions so painstakingly avoided by Beard and Buell is to ask the question, "Who sold out France?" The answer is tragically obvious to the French people—and now even to the American press: The guilt rests with Laval, Bonnet, Flandin, Petain, Blum, Daladier. Whom, then, did these traitors represent? Not the people of France, not the men and women who worked the factories or tilled small parcels of land. The betrayers were the known servants of the mighty, of the two hundred families, of the great French monopolists who thought of investments before they thought of national integrity, who weighed profits before they considered the needs of the majority, who schemed always in terms of deals and maneuvers for their own benefit, who feared above all things the spread of democracy.

Call this by whatever name you will, it remains true that a small group of powerful men thought in patterns far different from those of the French workers, the little shopkeepers, the peasants. Their approach was influenced by their own particular interests; their interests were common to their class. But what benefited one class proved the undoing of another, more numerous class.

Yet those who controlled the government also controlled the immediate destiny of France. Their class outlook dictated their approach, and their approach determined the course of the nation they commanded. One class had power, the other class did not have power. In France the ruling class took the road that was favored by monopoly and great wealth. And now look at France.

Which class controls Great Britain? Which class controls our great nation?

How can Beard and Buell talk of "cures" and "directions" and "new morals" and "realistic policies" without taking into account class domination? How can they talk of new approaches, of implementing democracy, without discussing the question of which class will wield power? To Buell, classes don't exist. To Beard, class forces can somehow be ignored in favor of good judgment enthroned. But whose judgment is correct—and whose judgment will prove decisive—when the United States Steel Corp. decides that America should involve itself in war and the proprietor of a small hardware store violently opposes war?

Buell and Beard each have a good deal to say about imperialism. They never define it, although to each imperialism is clearly only a matter of grabbing territory. Mr. Beard claims that imperialism is the result of the desire of a few admirals to have something

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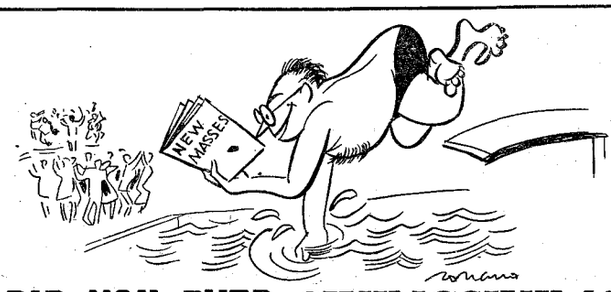
to defend so that they can ask for larger naval appropriations. Mr. Buell seems to feel that imperialism is a tactic to be embraced or discarded at will. Each repudiates the scientific definition of imperialism as capitalism that has reached the monopoly stage of development.

As a result, neither Beard nor Buell can explain the outbreak of the present war. They indulge in vague generalizations about ways of life, attitudes, a maniac's drive for world conquest. They studiously avoid characterizing the conflict as an "imperialist war," as the inevitable product of a specific mode of production, since the concept "imperialism" has little content for them. The war to these savants is an accident, not the logical, relentless expression of capitalism after it has reached a certain level, after it has undergone crisis, after it has divided and redivided the markets of the world so that the expansion of any one nation necessitates the seizure of markets from some other nation. The war to them is a struggle between rival populations (but the French and German and English people did not want this war), not the fight between monopolists of one bloc against monopolists of another. And so neither writer acknowledges or understands that the elimination of war, of economic collapse and suffering, of anti-Semitism and concentration camps, of torture, hunger, and mass killings, can be accomplished only by the taking of power by that class which can in no way benefit from torture, hunger, and mass killings.

COMPLETE CHAOS

Beard and Buell reflect the complete chaos of the liberal thinkers who see only the old order in flames, who find the axioms, on which they have depended and on which they have built their lives and their theories, invalidated. Distracted spokesmen of the past, they show no willingness to reexamine their premises. Though the world they believed in and now want to preserve is hopelessly diseased, it remains the only world they know or want to know. They repudiate the new, choosing as their historic mission the role of proving that the dead is quicker than the living, that the child about to be born has never been conceived. Their most cherished beliefs no longer make sense; their "history" is preposterous in the light of everyday events; yet they cling desperately to shattered hopes for a *New Republic* world.

Lenin also wrote history, in a time as confusing and as disintegrating as the present. Perhaps Beard and Buell cannot comprehend *State and Revolution* and *Imperialism*. But in this crisis of history, those who would distinguish sense from nonsense, those who have no dead axioms to uphold, can contrast the imposing works of Beard and Buell with those of Lenin. It seems only a matter of common reason, once electric light has been installed in a room, to reach out and push the button to turn it on, rather than go stumbling about in the darkness. BRUCE MINTON.



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Hero of Ticonderoga

ETHAN ALLEN, by Stewart H. Holbrook. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

"IT TOOK an uncommon amount of rum to begin a war in 1775." This opening sentence sets the tone for a lusty biography of the hard-drinking "infidel" who became a schoolbook hero of the Revolutionary War by taking Fort Ticonderoga and its ninety gallons of rum without firing a shot. Ethan Allen fought Britain, the American Tories, and the state of New York ("Every Yorker is a Tory") all at the same time—and they all lost. During the Revolutionary War, Vermont was an independent republic, carved out of the domains of New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys. It was not taken into the Union until 1791.

Ethan Allen was a Vermont patriot and a land speculator. He wielded a pen almost as well as a gun, and besides his salty accounts of his wars with England and the Yorkers, he wrote a philosophical tract called by other freethinkers "Ethan Allen's Bible."

This is on the whole a workmanlike biography of an American folk hero. S. D.

Crisis of Liberalism

THIS is an extract from an address by Carey McWilliams, delivered in a Los Angeles "Civil Liberties in War Time" rally two weeks ago. Mr. McWilliams is California state commissioner of immigration and housing and author of *Factories in the Field.*

We face in America today a profound crisis in liberal thought. Since May 10, 1940, this crisis has deepened as confusion and bewilderment have grown by leaps and bounds. . . . Unfortunately, we are not thinking our way through to a new orientation; on the contrary, we are jumping from conclusion to conclusion as the Nazi forces advance. . . . In an effort to illustrate what has been happening in the world of liberalism, I want to refer to three remarkable papers which have recently appeared in the *Nation* and the *New Republic*—the house organs of the liberal movement—by Archibald MacLeish, Lewis Mumford, and Waldo Frank. . . . These men have definitely broken with the liberal tradition. Under the impact of the great emotional excitement that has made neurotics of most of us during the last few weeks, these men have, in effect, said farewell to liberalism. Mr. MacLeish followed up his article by an address recently in New York City in which he said, in substance, that such post-war writers as John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway had unwittingly unnerved America; that in describing war as horrible and senseless and insane they had taken from thousands of Americans the will to defend their country, the will to fight. When one of the leading intellectual figures of our nation—and Mr. MacLeish certainly qualifies for this distinction—will make a statement of this kind it clearly and unmistakably indicates that the foundations of liberal thought have been seriously undermined. This same kind of condemnation would, I suppose, also place a ban on Tolstoy, Emerson, and Thoreau; it is in effect tantamount to saying that the teachings of Jesus Christ are treasonable. . . .

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GOINGS ON

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Photography as Art

Twenty Mexican photographs by Paul Strand provide the first public access to the work of a brilliant craftsman . . . The Stadium concert.

PAUL STRAND is known in the motion picture business as one of its greatest cameramen. His film of Mexican fishermen, *The Wave,* is famous as a model of cinematography. As he finishes the exhaustive camera work on Frontier Films' Production No. 5 on Civil Liberties, a portfolio of twenty of his Mexican photographs appears, making available to a wider audience one of the finest photographic accomplishments of our time.

Strand is the Van Eyck of photography. Leo Hurwitz says in a foreword to the portfolio that the photograph is "the material for art, not art itself." In these pictures all of the texture, selectivity, print quality, and composition—which are thought to be ends in themselves in lesser work—are the means of expressing Paul Strand's outlook on life.

This photographer has been preoccupied at various times with woodland still life, windswept trees, prisms of dew on plantain leaves, and miraculous, almost botanical views of the world of grasses and underbrush on the floor of the forest. At another time he made the classic series on Gaspe Peninsula, which literally started a Gaspe school. His Mexican work of 1933 deals more with people, as though he could not understand people until he had studied the sea, the winds, and the earth, and had found in the shadows of adobe a people real as the natural world.

A magnificent Mexico is revealed in these photographs. One does not find an orgy of sunlight, no quaintness, and no tourist photography. In plate 18, *Man, Tenincingo,* we look at a peon, sitting in a dirty blouse with a hand as rough as fieldstone resting in his lap. The man looks fiercely out into the world. He is as solid as a tree, as timeless as an Aztec sundial. He has no particular geography. He might be a Balkan goatherd, or a Greek frieze for the classic folds of his blouse. Strand made this photograph with a prism so that the man did not know he was posing, and the print is no larger than the plate. There is no cropping, no enlargement, no dodging, no retouching, not because these techniques are necessarily false, but because Strand's grasp was so complete at the point of exposure that he needed no editing to show us this man. He has always gone to his subject very humbly and allowed it to show directly through his vision and skill.

Strand's work has consequently had little reproduction and circulation, despite the almost mythical reputation he has among serious photographers. He prefers to get a good negative and labor endlessly to make a good print from it. He rarely makes more than one print, partly because of the pains he takes in printing and the fact that his platinum paper has not been available for a decade and he has conserved his supply.

The Mexican photographs are the first reproductions of his work and have been made by a special photogravure process under Strand's meticulous supervision. (It is characteristic of Strand that each craftsman is saluted by name in the foreword.) This process, which was more popular in the nineteenth century for the making of fine reproductions, has almost been abandoned in these days of rapid journalistic reproduction of art. It gives to Strand's rich photographs the compliment of high fidelity.

RELIGIOUS ART

Strand is interested in Mexican religious art, the tortured and vivid Christs and Madonnas, and tableaux carved with the direct and primitive power of the school of Hildesheim. In the *Cristo of Tlacochoaya, Oaxaca,* the photographer records the gilt-and-blood baroque symbol of Christ's passion esthetically unlike the Indian art of Mexico, but marvelously knowing and full of meaning.

There are a couple of architectural studies, reflecting Strand's sense of abstraction and light. But mostly Strand's lens reveals the Mexican people, that patient, self-contained people, magnificent in art and life, whose destiny is subject to pushbuttons in Wall Street, ledgers in Hamburg, a Japanese cable, and every little man in tweeds who rules the world. But one feels, looking at Mexico in these pictures, that Cortez cannot come again.

JOB SMITH.

Beatrice Tobias

AGAINST a counterpoint of metropolitan noises the Stadium concerts auspiciously opened for their twenty-third summer. Like the WPA concerts, the Stadium performances are popular because they are the nearest thing we have to a democratic art institution. The low prices, although the Stadium should have many more 25-cent seats, enable large audiences to become acquainted with good music. Fifteen thousand New Yorkers attended the June 20 performance. Conductor Arthur Rodzsinski selected an "all Brahms" evening for his initial program, disproving the snobbish contention that the appreciation of advanced music is granted only to a blessed few. However, concerts like these are only a drop in the bucket. The musical development of all the American people requires a basic national program, like that embodied in the Federal Arts Bill.

The Brahms selections performed were the Theme and Variations on a Haydn theme, the Second Piano Concerto, and the First Symphony. The concert was the first of a Brahms cycle. Many musical laymen still find Brahms' works hard to swallow; but once inside they create a spreading sensation of warmth and mellowness. Brahms had a tough time gaining a reputation in this country. Only in the last twenty years has he won a public. Prior to that time his following was largely confined to professionals and limited groups. This is understandable because Brahms, despite strong Schumannesque influences, used very few of the familiar devices that the other romantic composers employed and to which audiences have become conditioned. For example, compare the slow movement of Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, the *andante cantabile,* with the slow movement of the Brahms First. A common device for achieving a musical climax is to raise progressively a theme or motif step by step in pitch until a break occurs. This was done in the *andante cantabile.* Brahms, however, employs a series of themes, some contrapuntal, some in major keys, others in minor, each theme contrasting with, yet growing out of, the other until a focal point is reached.

Mr. Rodzsinski, on the whole, gave a clear exposition of the structural and poetic qualities of the music. He was especially successful in his carefully proportioned, highly dramatic reading of the C-Minor Symphony. The Piano Concerto in B Flat was played by Rudolf Serkin. Outside of some questionable tempi, he met its incredible difficulties superbly. A friend of Brahms once termed this work the finest piano concerto ever written. Fifty years later he is still correct.

LOU COOPER.

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MEXICO

is where NEW MASSES editor Joseph North has just arrived. He is preparing a series of articles, the first of which appears this week, and others will follow soon after. What is really happening south of the border? Who are the candidates in Mexico's crucial elections next week? What forces do they represent, and just how much truth is there in the stories that an uprising backed by Wall Street money is imminent? How do Mexicans feel about Mr. Roosevelt's gunboats now cruising in South American waters? These are some of the questions Joe North will be asking people down in Mexico. These, and many others, are the questions Joe North will be answering for NEW MASSES readers in the next few weeks. Ace political reporter, veteran of the great days in Spain—Joe North is the man whose reportage of Mexico you cannot afford to miss.

CANADA

is the country from which one of NEW MASSES' leading contributors has just returned. Joseph Starobin went to study trends and investigate conditions in our great neighboring country to the north, now at war. He returns with the sizzling story of how Canadian civil liberties have been abolished, how the war is wracking and wrecking Canadian economy. He spoke to members of Parliament, to political tyros, to economists and youth leaders. He met with figures in the Canadian underground—spoke to men who, at any moment, may be interned for the duration of the war, talked to rank and filers from the ships and shops and fields of Britain's foremost dominion. Joseph Starobin throws the spotlight on what is happening in Canada, and why that's important to the rest of us here in the United States. In his articles you will find another reason why you can't afford to miss NEW MASSES.

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